

The Nation.

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The Week.

THE Iowa Republicans have come out in revolt against the President's policy in a resolution which we have quoted and commented on elsewhere. After calling for the "complete protection" of the citizen in all his rights by the Federal Government, in language which if used by a foreign commentator on American institutions would call forth much ridicule from the press, they go on, not inappropriately, to call for the depreciation of the currency below even the greenback, by demanding that silver should be made a legal tender "for all debts both public and private," and at the same time protest against any redemption of the greenbacks by requiring that "the present volume of the currency should be maintained until the wants of trade and commerce demand its further contraction;" but they refrain from saying who is to decide when the wants of trade and commerce demand its further contraction. As Iowa is *par excellence* a Republican State, the resolutions suggest the question, What is the Republican party at present? What does it advocate as distinguished from the Democrats, except that Packard and Casey and Whipper and Elliott should have offices at the South?

The order forbidding office-holders to take part in managing caucuses and conventions is, as might be expected, exciting more or less indignation in official circles, and there is among many outsiders more or less doubt as to whether it can be carried out. General F. C. Barlow has written a letter to the *New York Times*, maintaining that it can only be enforced by a system of "espionage" and "tale-telling"; that the participation of office-holders in conventions cannot be prevented by prohibiting their attendance in the flesh; that it will bring the public service into discredit by destroying the self-respect of its members; that it will not be supported by public opinion; and that it is not necessary to the reform of the civil service, which is a very simple matter: all we have to do to bring it about is to introduce a sound system of appointments which will make the office-holder independent of Congressmen and Senators. This done, General Barlow thinks the evil of the present system will cease, and the office-holder will attend conventions simply as a public-spirited citizen, and his presence at them will do good, or, at all events, no harm.

We trust the President will not be influenced by talk of this kind from any quarter. Nine-tenths of those who discuss civil-service reform think it can all be accomplished by some one thing. Some say, forbid the office-holders to act as political managers, and Congressmen will have no use for them, and then you have the reform at one stroke. Others say, make the office-holders independent of Congressmen by a good system of appointment, and then you may let them do what they please in politics. Others again say, the system of appointment is not the important thing, but the nature of the tenure. Make this secure, and promotion dependent on good behavior, and you need not trouble yourself about the mode of appointment. These are all suggestions of the devil. The civil service is in such a condition, and its abuses are so closely connected with all other political abuses and have sunk so deep into public sentiment, that no one thing will accomplish a reform. Everything that can be thought of is necessary—a good system of appointment, a properly regulated tenure, and a rigid prohibition of conspicuous political partisanship. Not only has the reform to be made, but it has to be maintained, and it can only be maintained by satisfying both parties that it is genuine.

President Hayes may rely on it that no party out of power in this country will ever submit tamely to the political activity of Government officials, or will ever believe that they only appear at Administration conventions as individuals, and are not using the public service and public funds for party purposes. Such spectacles will always, even if the reform be now brought about, make its permanence impossible, because they will exasperate the Opposition and make them determined to oust the office-holders whom they see working against them as soon as they get a chance; and flesh and blood cannot blame them. It is not in human nature to expect a Democrat to accept Mr. Arthur, for instance, as a reformer, and believe that when he goes to a convention he goes as a private gentleman and leaves the Custom-house behind him. Therefore the President's order is one of the measures which goes to the root of the abuse, and perhaps the one which will best prepare the reform for the acceptance of those who will come after him. That it will degrade the service is fiddlesticks; it will degrade it no more than abstinence from politics degrades the Army or the Coast Survey. That it will be hard to enforce against such a large body of tricky persons as now hold places in the public service, we admit, but this is only one of the inevitable difficulties which time and patience will remove. Catch and punish a sufficient number of tricksters, and this evil will soon cure itself. Besides, the country is swarming with men who are ready to serve the Government, and do not desire to go to conventions, and like to be "degraded" by staying away.

A passage in the after-dinner speech of Mr. Carl Schurz at the Commencement of Harvard College may yet come to possess a political significance equal to that attached to the proceedings of the Iowa Convention which took place on the same day. "Do you know what that means?" enquired Mr. Schurz, referring to the now famous order of the President. It means "the disestablishment of the 'machine' in party politics. It means that every one shall be told to go to the caucus or the convention without feeling himself helpless at the door, knowing that things have been 'fixed' by the Postmaster and the Custom-house." Mr. Schurz connected the order, somewhat fancifully, with a recognition of the necessity of the scholar in politics and a desire to open a way for him. Be this as it may, however, the declaration itself, made in the presence of the President and considered in connection with other attending circumstances, may be accepted as an authoritative public explanation of the real intent of the order, and as second in importance, therefore, only to the order itself. So far as orders and the mere expression of desire can go the President may now be said to have done all that is necessary. What remains for him is to prove that he has the discernment and nerve requisite for putting his opinions in practice.

The origin of the Indian troubles in Idaho is not clear, and is variously attributed to dissatisfaction with the reservations, encroachments and violence of the whites, and to "pure cussedness" on the part of Chief Joseph and his band of non-treaty Nez-Percés. About the middle of June these savages appeared with hostile intent on the Camas Prairie, on the east side of Cottonwood Creek, and began killing the settlers there, at Mount Idaho above, and in the valley below. They next attacked the settlers along the Salmon River, of which the Cottonwood is the lowest northern tributary. In all, some eighteen persons, including one woman and two children, were massacred. Mount Idaho is situated almost exactly at the intersection of the 116th meridian and the 46th parallel. The nearest military post, Fort Lapwai, is sixty miles to the northwest, on a branch of the Clearwater, which, like the Salmon River, is an eastern tributary of the Snake River. The commander, Col. Perry, as soon as he heard of the outbreak, set out for Mount Idaho, and thence followed the retreating Nez-Percés to the head of Whitebird Creek (another tributary of the Salmon). His attack, either owing

to had conduct of the troops or to the superior arms and position of the enemy, was quickly turned into a rout, in which thirty-three of his command were left upon the field to be stripped and mutilated in Indian fashion. This was on the 17th or 18th of June. Meantime Gen. Howard had arrived at Lewiston, a border town at the junction of the Snake and Clearwater, and at once began a campaign of which it is difficult to foresee either the extent or the end. He has reoccupied the disastrous battlefield and buried the dead, and has established his headquarters at the mouth of Whitebird Creek. Chief Joseph occupies the opposite bank of Salmon River from this point eastward to Slate Creek, and is in a very strong natural position formed by the precipitous banks of the river. The region behind him is almost wholly unexplored and is in any event extremely difficult, being mountainous and without roads. An attempt to fall upon his rear is making from Boise City by way of the Weiser valley, but the inhabitants of the valley are not disposed to confide too much in the expedition as a defence to themselves, and are already fleeing elsewhere for safety. Whether the war is to be confined to the present combatants depends on the fidelity of the treaty Indians, the *Cœur d'Alenes* and others, to the north and south of the *Nez-Percés*. The alarm has spread into Montana, among the settlers in the Bitter Root valley in the Columbia basin; and the Flatheads who live there are threatened with a "cleaning-out" if they do not join the hostile Indians. Naturally, the diminished army appropriation is hindering our soldiers from being rapidly concentrated in great numbers and properly equipped.

The election in Charleston county, South Carolina, last week, of a new county delegation to the Legislature in place of the members who were refused seats at the last session, shows that the Republican party in that State is, for the present at least, completely broken to pieces. At the last election the Republicans chose seventeen delegates by an average majority, as was alleged, of about 6,500. The Legislature, however, refused to admit the delegation then elected, on the ground chiefly, we believe, of intimidation of colored Democratic voters by Republicans of the same race. At the present election the Republicans proposed at first to put in the field a ticket bearing the names of ten Democrats and seven Republicans. The offer, however, was rejected by the Democrats, who nominated seventeen men of their own party, three of whom were colored, whereupon the Republicans seem to have given up entirely, and on the day of election remained at home, not taking the trouble even to print a ticket. There were no "outrages," but the voting was almost unanimously Democratic. Darlington county, which is also said to be Republican by 2,000 majority, elected on the same day a Democratic successor to the notorious Whittemore. We do not suppose that the result of these elections is a surprise to any portion of the Northern people, or that it can be necessary to enter upon any detailed explanation of the reason for this apparently marvellous change in the Republican vote. For some time to come there will be no Republican party in South Carolina, and the only consolation we can offer to party men is that to be found in pondering the question, Will there not be under the new administration of affairs greater order throughout the State, more justice done upon the whole to both whites and blacks, and greater honesty and economy in public expenditures—in short, a better government—than when the State was in different hands?

Mr. Fairchild in his report to the Governor says that there was no agreement for an unconditional acceptance of Tweed's confession or his release; that it was, as sworn to by Mr. Townsend in the Woodin investigation, distinctly understood that the document was to be shown to such persons as it might be necessary to consult; that it was as a matter of fact shown to several Democratic politicians, connected either with the Ring matters or with the government of the State or city; that the confession was from its source open to suspicion; that when made it was found to be untrustworthy, to contain offers of evidence which lacked corroboration, and

to be on the whole worthless; lastly, no information derived from the statement was used in the Sweeny case. With regard to the Sweeny case, Mr. Fairchild shows, as we explained in these columns at the time, that there was no criminal charge against Peter B. Sweeny; that his plundering was carried on through his brother James M. Sweeny, and was very difficult of proof; that his property liable to seizure on execution would have been, under the most favorable circumstances, not more than \$100,000; and that therefore \$400,000, the amount paid in settlement, was four times as much as there was even a probability of getting in the courts. He says nothing about Judge Westbrook's exoneration of Sweeny, but as a matter of fact the counsel for the prosecution were entirely opposed to it. With regard to Mr. Townsend, Mr. Fairchild incidentally refers to two or three matters which occurred during the negotiations of rather a grave nature—1st, that he, while acting as Tweed's counsel and urging his release in order that he might be used as a witness against Sweeny, accepted a retainer from Sweeny; 2d, that on the production by Tweed of a large number of checks, said to be connected with the latter's corrupt transactions, he suggested as one mode of settlement that the checks should be offered to the drawers of them on payment of their face value, and that he volunteered to collect the money himself for ten per cent. Mr. Fairchild's statement is a complete vindication of his own acts, and he at the same time makes it sufficiently clear that the publication of the outline of the confession in the *World* was the work of our faithful Comptroller, Mr. John Kelly, or Mr. Townsend.

The feature of the week at the New York Stock Exchange was the advance of 13½ per cent in Morris and Essex stock and 5½ per cent in Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western stock, and a sympathetic improvement in coal-company shares. The impetus to the rise was given by the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Company's directors, who authorized the issue of \$10,000,000 7 per cent 30-year bonds, to be a lien on the main road of the company. Of this sum \$2,800,000 are to be held to take up the same amount of bonds now outstanding, and which now are the only mortgage on the property. The remaining \$7,200,000 are to be used for purposes not named. It is easy to see how the procurement of such a sum of money by a company which stands in the position of guarantor of another company's obligations would improve those obligations, but why it should advance the price of the shares of the company which borrows the money is not apparent, unless it be construed as saving the company from bankruptcy. Notwithstanding the sale of \$1,000,000 gold by the Treasury and the beginning of the payment of \$25,000,000 gold interest, the price of gold during the week advanced ½ of 1 per cent. The sales of 4 per cent bonds have increased, and on one day amounted to nearly \$2,000,000. The paper dollar at the close of the week was worth about 95 cents gold; the 412½-grain silver dollar would have been worth about 91½ cents gold.

The honest gentlemen who compose the "Society of the Holy Cross" must have been somewhat surprised at the excitement caused throughout England by Lord Redesdale's exposure in the House of Lords of 'The Priest in Absolution'—the manual circulated by them among the Ritualists for the guidance of spiritual directors in hearing confession and administering the "sacrament" of absolution. What to the unsophisticated layman seems wanton indecency and a most culpable suggestiveness of impurity and sin, is to the spiritual physician merely an exploration of the disease which he seeks to cure—an exploration which he flatters himself that he can make without allowing human infirmity to pollute it with aught of human passion. Men who have familiarized themselves, as Mr. Mackonochie and his colleagues doubtless have done, with the literature of the Latin Church on such subjects; who have studied the long series of the 'Penitentials,' from that attributed to Archbishop Theodore down to those of the present day, and perhaps have not omitted to look into such treatises as Suarez's celebrated 'De Matrimonio,' must have become so blunted by their hideous investigations into

every conceivable form of human depravity that the passages which have so shocked the gentle British public have unquestionably seemed to them the most commonplace and colorless incidents in the daily business of the confessor. The moral deducible from the affair is this: If the confessional is to be used at all, it can only be used in one way. The spiritual physician must have the privileges accorded to his brother of the flesh; he must be familiar with all of the diseases that he may be called upon to cure, and must fearlessly pursue his diagnosis, untrammelled by conventional or natural restraints; or by the delicacy indispensable in other relations of life. The world has long since reached the conclusion that in the practice of medicine the good to be obtained outweighs the possible evil arising from this course, especially as the patient does not call for aid as long as he is in health. In Protestant countries it has decided that in spiritual therapeutics the benefit is problematical, while the suggestions of sin inseparable from the diagnosis are an evil real and incontrovertible, seeing that the system requires the innocent to be submitted to investigation as well as the sinful. In Catholic countries, the benefit is considered to be absolute and indispensable to salvation; but the evils are not denied, as may be seen by the endless series of canons to check what is technically known as "solicitation." Meanwhile the British public is startled by what seems to it a new revelation of spiritual nastiness, and the "Society of the Holy Cross" is assailed as though it had invented a new source of corruption, instead of having apparently performed its volunteer functions with a degree of delicacy very far superior to that of its models.

The crossing of the Danube began on the night of June 20-21 from Galatz, and the troops there thrown across, not without serious losses, ensured the crossing in force two days later at Ibrail, and the consequent capture of Matchin. On the 25th another crossing, higher up, at Hirsova, gave the Russians possession of that town and of the entire right bank of the Danube as far as Tultcha, which had also to be surrendered, and with it all control of the northern end of the Dobrudsha. Tchernavoda and Medjidshe were next abandoned, and Kustendshe, at the eastern end of the line, depopulated in a panic. The Russian left, to which these operations were confided, consisted of two army corps, the 11th and 14th, under Gen. Zimmermann. Its objective point is Silistria and the line of communication between Rustchuk and Varna. The bombardment of Rustchuk began on the 24th, and has been exceedingly destructive. Nikopolis has also been rendered untenable, and a crossing has been daily expected at that point, but the main object of the bombardment appears to have been served by drawing off attention from the crossing from below Simnitsa, which was accomplished by the 8th Army Corps, under the Grand Duke Nicholas, in the early morning of June 27. The resistance was feeble, and, as there were no works of any consequence at Sistova, the place was at once occupied. This achievement was followed by a significant proclamation from the Czar to the Bulgarians, promising them protection, and announcing the setting up of a Russian administration in place of the dispossessed Turkish régime. In fact, we already hear of a new municipal council at Matchin and of a Russian vilayet of Rustchuk. The Grand Duke's forces did not halt long, but the particulars of their march to Tirnova have not yet transpired. The occupation of this important civil station is said to have cost nine hours' fighting.

We have given above the details of the operations on the Danube as well as the confused and often contradictory despatches and letters of correspondents will permit. Accurate accounts of the crossing of the river are, however, not necessary to enable us to say that the ease with which the Russians have effected the operation is another illustration of that Turkish incapacity for field operations to which we have so often called the attention of our readers, and which will probably now exert an increasing and decisive influence on the fortunes of the war, and that the problem offered by the campaign in Bulgaria has become one of exceeding simplicity. The composition of the Russian army of the Danube is now very well

known. Seven corps at least, supposing the 15th not to have reached the Danube, have crossed and are crossing the river. The corps ought to contain 38,000 men, inclusive of non-combatants; but supposing it to contain only 32,000 effective men, we have a total of 224,000 men, with, allowing 108 guns (the regular complement) to each corps, 756 guns, which by this time have entered or are entering Bulgaria—a most formidable force, containing a large body of cavalry. This is a low estimate, because it leaves a margin of three corps out of the European army for Odessa and the Crimea and the communications, though we have no idea, now that the impotence of the Turkish fleet has been demonstrated and the Rumanians have thrown in their fortunes with the Russians, that so large a body as this will be held back from the invading force.

Now, the Turks cannot oppose to this, at the largest estimate yet made by their most sanguine friends, over 140,000 men, and it is as certain as anything is in war that not a single division of this force is fit to march two days in the open or fight a battle. Detailed estimates of their strength by corps and divisions are useless, because, although descriptions of the army organization are kept on paper at Constantinople, they are well known to have no sort of relation to the facts. The regular Turk does not care to come much nearer to a return of the force under his orders than by saying, to use Kinglake's humorous account of his mode of giving his "morning state" to the Allies in the Crimea, that "by the blessing of the Almighty his servants are as the leaves of the forest." The great extension recently given to the works at Shumla makes at least 50,000 men necessary to garrison that position—40,000 was the old estimate in 1853, when it was not so well fortified as now. It is certainly not too much—in fact, it is a great deal too little—to assign 50,000 more to Rustchuk, Silistria, and Varna. Consequently Abdul Kerim Pasha, who is old, in delicate health, and never has been enterprising, has before him one alternative: he must either weaken his garrison, abandon the shelter of the quadrilateral and come out and fight a great battle against superior forces, the loss of which would close the war instanter, or else allow himself to be shut up in the fortresses by a force which would leave the Russians, say, 100,000 men free to rove about Bulgaria or drop down across the Balkans by easy marches to Constantinople. Whichever horn of the dilemma he chooses, the end is certain and not far off.

The failure of the Turks to offer a vigorous resistance to the passage of the river has apparently caused more or less excitement, both in Austria and England, as an indication that the Turkish collapse is near at hand, and that it is time to get ready for a settlement with Russia. That Austria has entire confidence in Russia's good faith is evident from the mere fact that she allows her to enter Bulgaria; but a semi-official article in a Government organ makes it plain that she will not rely wholly on moral forces, and will enter into the council over Turkey's remains sword in hand. The probabilities are that the settlement will be much easier than was at first supposed, because the breakdown of the Turkish strength on the Danube will prevent an advance on Constantinople, and preclude any irritating discussion about the fate of that city. Russia's terms of peace will probably be a slice of Armenia, including at least Batum and Kars, and perhaps Erzerum and Trebizond, and a rigid supervision of Turkish government in Europe by a Christian force. In England, there is again talk of a division in the Cabinet, between Lord Beaconsfield and (probably) Lords Salisbury and Derby, which may lead to the retirement of the latter; and more or less fear among the Liberals that Beaconsfield may place the country in a position where fighting would be imperative. But Sir William Vernon Harcourt shows by copious extracts from Beaconsfield's somewhat recent speeches that he too considers the danger of Russian advances to India as a mere bugbear. Mr. Freeman will have it, however, in his recent book on Turkey, that he is drawn by irresistible impulse as a Jew to come to the relief of his brother monotheists.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PARTY.

THE opposition to the President within the party has been openly begun in Iowa by the adoption of resolutions which, though marked by the usual vagueness, were evidently intended to be a condemnation of the President's dealings with South Carolina and Louisiana, and by the tabling, by a large majority, of a resolution expressing approval of his course. The Convention points out what is needed at the South in the following lucid language:

"*Third.* The permanent pacification of the South and the complete protection of all citizens in the free enjoyment of all their rights are duties to which the Republican party stands sacredly pledged. The power to provide for the enforcement of the principles embodied in the recent constitutional amendments is vested by the amendments in Congress, and we declare it to be a solemn obligation on the Legislative and Executive departments of the Government to put in immediate and vigorous exercise all their constitutional powers for removing any just causes of discontent on the part of any class, and for securing to every American citizen complete liberty and exact equality in the exercise of civil, political, and public rights. To this end we imperatively demand of Congress and of the chief Executive a courage and fidelity to duty which shall not flinch until these results are placed beyond dispute or recall."

What is most of all needed from those who find fault with the President's course at the South is, however, a particular description of the thing or things which they think he ought to do; but, for obvious reasons, from this they have from the beginning carefully refrained. What the Iowa Convention ought to have done was to draw up an address to the party, pointing out the exact line of conduct which their chairman, for instance, would have followed had he been in the Presidential chair since last March. This address would have begun by explaining in what way the condition of the States of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Arkansas, which all fell into the hands of the Democrats during General Grant's administration, with his concurrence, differed and differs from the condition of the States of South Carolina and Louisiana as regards "the complete protection of all citizens in the enjoyment of all their rights," and as regards the duty on the part of the President to engage in "the immediate and vigorous exercise of all his constitutional powers for removing any just causes of discontent on the part of any class, and for securing to every American citizen complete liberty and exact equality in the exercise of civil, political, and public rights." Having shown in what manner the American citizen was better off in the former States than in the latter, and why the Iowa Republicans made no protest when they were captured by the enemy, the address would have taken up "the vigorous exercise of their powers," on behalf of the negro, made by the various Republican Congresses from 1865 down to 1874, and have shown how much of this legislation was now left standing by the Supreme Court, and what should be done to supply the place of what the Supreme Court had swept away; and particularly how the denial by the Supreme Court of the right of the Federal Government to exercise general police powers in any State was to be got over. It would then have gone on to explain by what construction of the Constitution, and at what period, "the complete protection of all citizens in the free enjoyment of all their rights" was assigned as a duty to the President and Congress, giving a list of the jurists and politicians who have held any such doctrine, and to describe particularly the process by which the original organic arrangement by which the duty of protecting the citizen in some of his rights was imposed on the Federal Government, and the duty of protecting him in the remainder was reserved to the States, was done away with, and to give some of the reasons which actuated the power, whatever it was, that deprived the American people of this cherished peculiarity of their political system.

The address would next have described in detail the losses as regarded protection in "civil, political, and public rights" which the negro had sustained in consequence of the refusal of the President to uphold the Chamberlain and Packard governments by force; publishing, say, Packard's testimony as to the condition of the State of Louisiana under Kellogg's rule, showing, as would doubtless be

easy, that before Mr. Hayes's "policy" peace and order reigned in every parish, that the laws were faithfully executed, and crimes of violence rare; that the courts were always open and justice freely administered without sale, denial, or delay, and that the negro's sense of security was perfect. This one passage in the document would have made the President thoroughly ashamed of himself. It would then, after exhibiting the awful consequences to "civil, political, and public rights" of the withdrawal of the troops, have closed by a neat calculation, say from General Sheridan, of the force that would be required to make things as pleasant in Louisiana as in Iowa, under the precious Packard—that is to say, to police the State thoroughly, so that every negro had a quiet night, voted freely, and got his fair share of the offices. If General Sheridan had put it down at 200,000 men, as we have no doubt he would, the address would have pointed out how the money was to be raised, and have given some reasons for thinking that the present Congress would vote it. The peroration would have very properly contained a description of the state of things which would probably have existed in South Carolina and Louisiana this winter with Chamberlain guarded, in General Grant's style, by five hundred men in a room in Columbia, and Packard guarded by five hundred more in a room in New Orleans, and some reasons for giving such concerns the name of civilized Anglo-Saxon government.

The Convention apparently, however, never thought of doing anything so practical and manly and forcible as we have here described; they confined themselves to a resolution, vague enough, windy enough, and having little enough connection with the facts of the day, to have figured in a high-school oration on "The Statesmanship of the Present Age"; and it was no wonder they voted down the resolution approving of the President's course—the wonder is that they did not all burst into tears, and exclaim through their sobs that they would never forgive him.

It is not at all unlikely that the example of Iowa will be followed in other States. The Republican party showed very clearly in the late canvass how largely it has fallen into the hands of Sentimentalists controlled by knaves, and how largely the mere factious desire to keep the party organization in power has overridden the earlier and better intention to use the party for noble ends. The men who manage conventions care little what becomes of the South, but they see, or think they see, how useful the South may be made in working on Northern opinion for party purposes, and they are shocked by the President's apparent determination to get rid of the old and skilled hands, who have long made "offices" serve the place of wisdom and patriotism and progressive energy. The threat of the Camerons in Pennsylvania, that they will "punish" him by giving the State to the Democrats at the next election, is useful in showing how completely these men have forgotten that there is such a thing as a public conscience. The fact is that they judge "the policy," as they call it, not at all by its practical effects at the South, but by its effect on the party organization. The *New York Times*, which is the most moderate and sober of the malcontents, acknowledges this in a passage of much naïveté:

"The outlook would have been different had the South responded more generously to the overtures of the President. Its ungracious resolve to take all it can get and to give nothing in return, suggests a grave blunder in his calculations. He assumed, undoubtedly, that his own superiority to the traditions and passions of party would call forth evidence of a kindred spirit on the side of the South. Experience has not verified his expectations. The South receives his concessions as a matter of course, and employs them to consolidate the strength of the Democracy. From this source, therefore, he obtains no help whatever. The consequence is that the Republicans throughout the North find themselves mocked by a surrender which brings not a single countervailing advantage. They have been deprived of a strong position without any prospect of obtaining an equivalent. This view of the subject may not be a very lofty one, but it is the view entertained by the great body of the party, including its most active workers, and in a State like Iowa its most influential men. Their politics are practical, and they care very little for a sentiment which benefits only their opponents."

In other words, had the President's action resulted, as was at one time hoped, in dividing the Democrats at the South, or bringing

accessions to the Republican ranks, it would have been approved; but the South having accepted it as a right and not as a boon, and refused to come over, the Republicans find themselves "mocked by a surrender which brings not a single countervailing advantage." In other words, the poor fellows have been "euchred" in a game in which they expected to have everything their own way. Their sleeves being full of excellent cards, in the shape of the Army, the Navy, and the offices, they were willing to settle on "mutually advantageous terms"; but to give up everything, and then be told by the "heathen Chinee" that he has only got his rights, is hard for human nature to bear; so they fall to weeping over the poor negro.

As to the President, he, doubtless, when he announced that he would not be a candidate for the second term, had in his mind just such difficulties as he is now called on to face. The only good reason for refusing a second term in advance was the anticipation that the men who in the present state of party management have the power of bestowing nominations would either make base compliances a condition of their favor or would throw obstacles in the way of just and necessary reforms. He cannot have expected to go very far in the course he had traced out for himself without coming into collision with them. Now that the banner of revolt has been raised, he may rely on it that they will flock to it from every quarter. At every State Convention the machine will be converted into a catapult, and made to hurl missiles at the man who seeks to destroy it. Those who manage it are not the men to die without a struggle. The interests at stake are too valuable for them to allow them to be swept away without at least one great exhibition of their power. But Mr. Hayes did not owe his election to them, and he can now afford to defy their rage, and trust to the sober judgment of the people for the confirmation of his acts. They were unable in November last, even by working the machine into a white heat, to secure him a popular majority. It is not in their power now to take from him the solid approbation and support of a popular majority, which we feel assured he will have before long if he stands firm to the end and makes his reforms "thorough, radical, and complete."

COMMENCEMENT ADMONITION.

IT is quite evident that with the multiplication of colleges, which is very rapid, it will, before long, become impossible for the newspapers to furnish the reports of the proceedings in and about commencement which they now lay before their readers with such profuseness. The long letters describing with wearisome minuteness what has been described already fifty times will, undoubtedly, before long be given up. So also, we fancy, will the reports of the "Baccalaureate Sermons," if these addresses are to retain their value as *précis* of parting advice to young men. There is nothing in the newspaper literature, on the whole, less edifying, and sometimes more amusing, than the reporter's *précis* of pulpit discourses, so thoroughly does he deprive them of force and vigor and point, and often of intelligibility. The ordinary sermon addressed on Sunday to the ordinary congregation deals with a great variety of topics and from many different points of view, and with more or less diversity of method. The Baccalaureate Sermon, on the other hand, consists, from the necessity of the case, in the main of advice to youths at their entrance on life, and the substance of such discourses can, in the nature of things, undergo no great change from year to year, and must be strikingly similar in all the colleges. Any freshness they may have they must owe to the rhetorical powers of particular preachers, and even these cannot greatly vary in dealing with so familiar a theme. What the old man has to say to the young man, the teacher to the pupil, the father to the son, at the moment when the gates of the great world are flung open to the college graduate, has undergone but little modification in a thousand years, and has become very well known to all collegians long before they take their degree; so that to make the parting words of warning and encouragement tell on ears that are now eager

for other and louder sounds, everything that can be done needs to be done to preserve their freshness and their pathos, and certainly nothing could do so much to deprive them of both one and the other as hashing them up annually in a slovenly report as part of the news of the day.

It is not, however, the advice contained in Baccalaureate Sermons, but all advice to young men, that needs in our time to be dealt out with greater circumspection and economy. Authority has within the last hundred or even fifty years undergone a serious loss of power, and this loss of power has shown itself nowhere more markedly than in the work of education. It has indeed almost completely changed the relation of parents and children, and teachers and scholars, so that it is now almost as necessary to prove the reasonableness and utility of any course of action which is required of boys as of mature men. Persuasion has, in other words, taken the place of command, and there is nobody left whose dictum owes much of its weight to his years or his office. Boys as well as their elders now expect advice to be based on personal experience, and do not listen with any great seriousness or deference to admonitions the value of which the utterer has not himself personally tested. It follows, therefore, that the persons whom the young men of our time hear most readily on the conduct of life are those who have had practical acquaintance with the difficulties of living up to the ideals which are so eloquently painted in the college chapel, and who have found out in their own persons what it costs to be pure and upright, and faithful and industrious, and persistent in the struggle that goes on in the various callings which lie outside the college walls. For this reason, probably, no addresses at Commencement have the value of those which are delivered now and then by men who have come back for a brief day to tell the next generation of the way life looks to those who for years have been wrestling with its problems, and have had actual experience of the virtues and defects of that early equipment and training on which such enormous sums are now spent in this country. The more advice from this quarter young men get the better. Nobody can talk so effectively to them at the moment when they are about to face the world on their own responsibility as the lawyers and merchants and ministers and politicians who have been facing it for twenty-five or thirty years with all the outward signs of success. If it were possible for every college in the country to get one such man at Commencement whose powers of expression would do justice to his experience, and who for this one day in the year would without fear or favor tell what he thought about success and about the conditions of success—about the kind of troubles which beset men in the callings with which he is most familiar—we should probably soon have a body of advice so impressive and fruitful that it would serve the needs and excite the interest of more than one generation. The young have been told to be good until they have grown weary of hearing it, particularly as it is always represented to them as a comparatively simple matter, and when they go out in the world and find what a hard and complex thing duty is they are very apt to look back to the ethical instruction of their college as when in college they looked back to the admonitions of the nursery, and return to their Alma Mater in later years with much the feeling with which a man visits a kindly old grandmother.

But commencements certainly draw forth nothing so curious as the newspaper article addressed to the graduating class, and which now seems to be a regular part of the summer's editorial work. It seems to have one object in view, and only one, and that is preventing the graduate from thinking much of his education and his degree, or supposing that they will be of any particular use to him in his entrance on life, or make him any more acceptable to the community. He is warned that they will raise him in nobody's estimation, and prove rather a hindrance than a help to him in getting a living, and that it will be well for him to begin his career by trying to forget that he has ever been in college at all. Not unfrequently the discourse closes with a suggestion or hint that the best university is, after all, the office of "a great daily," and that the kindest thing a fond father could do for a promising boy would be to start him as a local reporter, and make him get his first experience of life in the

collection of "city items." There is in all this the expression, though in a somewhat grotesque form, of a wide-spread popular feeling that nothing is worthy of the name of education which does not fit a man to earn his bread rapidly and dexterously. Considering with how large a proportion of the human race the mere feeding and clothing of the body is the first and hardest of tasks, there is nothing at all surprising in this view. But the preservation and growth of civilization in any country depends much on the extent to which it is able out of its surplus production to provide some at least of its people with the means of cherishing and satisfying nobler appetites than hunger and thirst. The immense sum which is now spent every year on colleges—misspent though much of it may be—and the increasing number of students who throng to them, regardless of the fact that the training they get may make them at first feel a little strange and helpless in the fierce struggle for meat and drink, show that the increasing wealth of the nation is accompanied by an increasing recognition of the fact that life, after all, is not all living, that there are gains which cannot be entered in any ledger, and that a man may carry about with him through a long, and it may be outwardly unfortunate career, sources of pleasure and consolation which are none the less precious for being unsalable and invisible.

THE LONDON PRESS.

LONDON, June 15, 1877.

IF it be true, as I suppose it is, that "men make the laws and women make the morals" of a country, I should like to know who makes the taste that regulates the production of the periodical literature of this country, and more especially of the newspapers. The daily newspapers which are published in London and in the provincial towns are as good as, perhaps better than, any daily newspapers in the world. The tone is high, the literary character is good, and the news, if it be occasionally biased by the political view of the journal in which it appears, is, on the whole, truthfully produced and intelligently arranged. In some of the metropolitan papers the news department predominates. In others, and more particularly in the *Times*, the resources of the paper are applied more to the acquisition of a high standard of criticism upon the events of the day than to the marshalling of these events. The *Times* regards news as a secondary object. It aims primarily at securing the best ability in the country for its leaders, and the most skilled short-hand writers for its reports of important speeches. No one thinks of reading the report of a great debate in the House of Commons or a great speech delivered in the provinces except in the *Times*, provided he can lay his hands upon it. The verbal accuracy of the report can be trusted, and the speech is certain to be given at length. Similarly, if you wish to read a fair, common-sense review of the proceedings at such a meeting as that held at Birmingham the other day, you go to the *Times*. The other papers may give you their view of it; the *Times* alone will give you an impartial view. On the other hand, if you want the earliest rumor of an engagement in Asia Minor, or a sensational account of a fight between a man and a dog, or the first hint of a vacancy in a remote constituency, or the description of a new Bulgarian horror, you will not go to the *Times*. You will find the first, if it is authentic, in the London correspondence of the Manchester *Guardian* or the *Scotsman*, the second in the *Daily Telegraph*, and the third and fourth in the *Daily News*. These papers lay themselves out for early information, and for news that any man may read as he runs, or as he is hurried from one station to another in the underground railway. They beat the *Times* in the news department, but the *Times* holds its own in every other department; and in one department that I have not alluded to, the permanent foreign correspondence, the *Times* keeps the lead. The information contained in the letters from the principal capitals of Europe to the *Times* may always be trusted. It has the smack of authenticity about it, and not unfrequently is official. It is not picked up in the streets and cafés of the Boulevards. It comes, if not from headquarters, from some place very near headquarters, and it generally aims at convincing rather than exciting attention. The foreign correspondence of half a dozen other English papers may be better reading, more amusing and enticing, but in none are the views so sensible or the facts so trustworthy. When you get to that enterprising product of modern journalistic life—the Special Correspondent—the man who, with no impedimenta but a portfolio and an ink-bottle, is ready at an hour's notice to start off to the remotest parts of the globe where anything worth

chronicling is going on, and who is willing to endure the discomfort and hardships of an explorer or a camp-follower for the purpose of supplying his employers with graphic pen-and-ink pictures of an exciting life, I do not know that the *Times* is superior to other newspapers. The Crimean War produced this new literary plant in its modern development, and in that war the *Times* was better served than the other journals; but since the success of Dr. Russell's letters at that time, the rival leading papers, both in the metropolis and in the provincial towns, have not been behind-hand in looking out and employing a staff of special correspondents quite as talented and energetic as the staff of the leading journal.

So much for the English daily newspapers. The best of them are, as a rule, conducted in an honorable and high-minded manner, and with a due sense of responsibility and an appreciation of the virtue of patriotism and right feeling. I have not a word to say against the taste exhibited in them.

I wish I could say the same of our modern weekly press. Since the extinction of the scurrilous newspapers of half a century ago, of which the *Satirist* and the *Age* were the most notorious, our weekly press, until quite recently, has been unexceptionable, both in taste and in literary execution. Such papers as the *Saturday Review*, the *Spectator*, the *Economist*, and the like, have been almost without parallel in journalistic enterprise. The *Saturday Review* is frequently bitter, though its fangs seem to have been drawn of late; the *Spectator* is frequently wrong; and the *Economist* is frequently dull. But the tone of all these papers, and of one or two others founded on their model, is high, the ability with which they are conducted is conspicuous, and the capacity for judging of events and criticising men and things displayed in their leading articles and reviews is of the first order. Can one speak in similar terms of admiration of the new school of weekly prints? To that question a decided negative answer must, I fear, be returned.

Some twelve years ago one or two cleverish young men, lately launched on London society from college, started, with the co-operation of the editor of one of the daily fashionable papers, a coquettish little print called the *Owl*. They did it more as a bit of fun than for any other motive. It appeared only during the London season. It was elaborately printed on delicately-scented note-paper, and it contained the gossip, the scandal, and the good things then current in society. Fashionable receptions were at that time, as they are now, in vogue, and everybody that was any body used to meet once a week in the salons of one particular leader of society. Access, somehow or other, was got to this lady's visiting-book, and a copy of the first number of this enticing little periodical, the *Owl*, appeared one Saturday morning at the breakfast-table of every one whose name was entered in this visiting-book. That evening they all met as usual in the salon, and the one and universal topic of conversation was the *Owl*. Its success was assured, and it lived its naughty, amusing, gossipy life during a couple of seasons. After that the promoters of it got some work to do in the world, the fashionable public got tired of the leaflet, and it died. It was conducted by gentlemen, and, though it sailed close to the wind occasionally, it never did anything malignant or disreputable. If its existence was neither useful nor respected, it was harmless, and if it had left no imitators it would have done no ill. Unfortunately, this has not been so. Four or five weekly newspapers have been started since its demise under very different auspices, and conducted by a very different class of men, but somewhat after the model of the *Owl*. These prints live on personalities. Gossip, scandal, innuendo, and insinuation are their meat and drink. Their managers or proprietors keep detectives hovering about the lobbies of the House of Commons, flitting about the back-stairs of houses where the great world congregates, attending popular churches, frequenting the easier kinds of clubs, pushing their way into the private houses of the humblest among our public men. They pay these detectives for all the garbage of fashionable or domestic life that they can rake together. They fill their pages with familiar notices of the personal habits of members of the royal family and their immediate surroundings: how often the Prince of Wales dined at the Orleans Club, and what he had for dinner; what the Duke of Teck does when he goes for a stroll in the streets; how the Marquis of Lorne employs himself of a morning—and so on. They photograph in writing the tricks and ways of members of Parliament—what Mr. Forster does with his legs or Mr. Goschen with his hat; the color of Mr. Gladstone's necktie or the shape of his waistcoat; the character of the polish on Lord Barrington's boots; and even the less pleasing personal peculiarities of individual members. They have their men waiting outside the door among the footmen at a rout, to pick up the gossip of the servants' hall and to describe the domestic doings

of the various households, and the jewelry and dresses of the ladies. They hunt out the names and colors of the vestments in which the Reverend A. B. and the Right Reverend C. D. deck themselves for their several performances, and they tell you how they look when they say their prayers. They pick up the tittle-tattle of the clubs, and advertise the squabbles of the managers and their shoeblacks. They libel the cook of this club, and insinuate malversation on the part of the secretary of that. They tell you how such a baronet treats the servants in one place; how a member of Parliament is treated by his club colleagues in another; how a privy councillor has lost his own and borrowed his brother-in-law's money in a third. They throw a transparent disguise over the persons in question, behind which they hope to shelter themselves from legal proceedings, but take care to have no doubt as to whom the allusion refers. Nothing is sacred from these harpies of the new weekly press. Men are not ashamed to lay themselves out for this sort of dirty work, and to prostitute their sons and grandsons to the trade. They thrust themselves into private houses to describe the furniture and surroundings of a man of letters. They fee the servants to let them see their master's private rooms and supply them with details of their mistress's daily life. A tribe of literary Peeping Toms is growing up amongst us whose vocation in life it is to see as many public people as they can stripped of the garments of conventionality, in order that they may gratify their curiosity and exhibit the results of it before a congenial audience of enquiring spirits. For there are congenial audiences who take pleasure in these exposures, otherwise they would not be given. Who these people are, or of what kind they are, who read with anything but contempt this new form of periodical literature I do not know, nor do I care to enquire. Till quite lately it had no place in England. But it is now growing like a noxious weed and spreading over all the country. Provincial papers begin to think it pays, and provincial editors demand such stuff as this from their London correspondents, and copy piquant extracts from the four or five papers to which I have alluded. No feature of our social life is more suggestive of evil, or more calculated to fill one with misgiving, than this craving for an insight into the private life and indoors habits of men of eminence. But it is extending beyond the circle of these ephemeral and contemptible prints. It is invading the higher region of contemporary fiction, and worming itself into the periodicals of the better class. In a future letter I shall allude to this later development. For the present you have probably had enough of it.

THE BROGLIE FAMILY.

PARIS, June 15.

THE two volumes of the correspondence of M. Doudan have met with such an extraordinary success, even at a time when all minds are absorbed in politics, that Madame du Parquet, their editor, has published a new volume of the letters, and promises to publish soon a fourth. This correspondence is not read, however, chiefly for its great literary merit; people try to study in it the little society of the Broglies. M. Doudan belonged, as it were, by adoption to this extraordinary family, the head of which has now again for the second time taken in his hands the destinies of France. The present Due de Broglie made the revolution of the 24th of May, and hurled M. Thiers from power. Though he did not dictate the famous letter addressed the 16th of May this year by Marshal MacMahon to M. Jules Simon, and contented himself with accepting the presidency of the present Cabinet after the Marshal had made up his mind to dismiss his Republican Cabinet, it cannot be denied that he has always remained the chosen adviser of MacMahon. It was natural that the Marshal should trust more than any other the man who had placed him in power, to whom he is drawn by great and well-deserved personal respect, as there is no statesman whose life is more dignified and virtuous than the Due de Broglie's. The duke had advised him after the last general elections, which gave an overwhelming majority to the Republicans, to give a fair chance to that party—to try M. Dufaure, then M. de Marcère, then M. Jules Simon; at the same time he had always urged him to use his constitutional rights as soon as he found that the ministers were disorganizing the administration of the country. I doubt whether the Due de Broglie was not himself much surprised when the Marshal spoke his "non possumus" and dismissed M. Jules Simon in an off-hand manner. He could not, however, refuse to take office, and he has accepted the responsibility of a situation which is full of peril. Few people know him well, as he is shy and proud: the majority of Frenchmen have taken it for granted that, being a duke, he must be a monarchist; that, being his father's son, he must be a doctrinaire. But it is not

so; the ruling passion of his life is his sincere Catholicism; it has made him a Conservative, quite independently of the form of government. I remember the time, when Emile Ollivier came into power, when he leaned towards the Empire, as did also Montalembert, though they had both spent the best years of their lives in opposition to it. After the 24th of May, in his first circular to the prefects, he said distinctly that "nothing would be changed in the existing laws," thus showing that he had no objection to M. Thiers on monarchical grounds. He never favored the scheme of the fusion, and remained quite neutral during the negotiations between the Chamber and the Comte de Chambord. The position he assumes now is this: "I work for the interests of conservatism; I am the head of a Conservative union or coalition against Radicalism; I will not upset the Constitution nor the Republic; but my Republic will not be the Republic of Gambetta or even of Jules Simon." If it could last it would be a MacMahonian Republic, the "république sans républicains," as M. Thiers said one day. Such a Republic is in danger of being also called "l'Empire sans l'Empereur," as it would be a form of personal government, helped by official candidatures in the elections, and by the numerous laws against the press and against public meetings which are still in existence; it would be that "strong government" which has been the dream of so many of our statesmen, who, perhaps, did not reflect that there can be no strong government with weak men, and that with strong men all governments are strong.

I have allowed myself to go a little too much out of my subject; the personality of M. de Broglie is so interesting, and, in many respects, so little known that I may be pardoned for saying what I think of him. Let us see if we can get a little more light in M. Doudan's correspondence. I am sorry to say that this correspondence leaves the present Due de Broglie in the background. M. Doudan does not often write to him; he sometimes speaks of him in an affectionate manner, but without much detail. It is clear that Albert, as he always calls him, appears to him always as a boy; he has known him as such, and when the boy grows older, when he studies the fathers of the Greek Church, when he prepares himself for politics, when he marries, M. Doudan does not much change his style and manner towards him. He was a great moralist, and had discovered in his pupil a tinge of conceit which he was always trying to destroy, and in his effort he became sometimes unjust towards him.

The charm of the new volume is of that exquisite and delicate kind which it is very difficult to express; the fluency of the style, the delicate shading of the expressions, the refinement of all the feelings—a sort of dilettanteism without any affectation or pretension. You feel in reading these letters the same sort of pleasure you feel when you look at a charming landscape, where the shadows and the lights, the ripples of the water on a lake, all sorts of delightful sensations, compose a sort of semi-intellectual and semi-material happiness, which is like a succession of pleasant dreams. Doudan's soul was not a dormant soul, as his intellect was constantly alive and occupied, but it was never much agitated; the events of the revolutionary times only make a ripple on its surface. The revolution of 1848 had completely overthrown the edifice on which the Broglie family stood, like a statue on a great portico. He would have read books on the ruins of Carthage, not sat, like Marius, dreaming of vengeance. He took refuge in the past, in history, or in the world of imagination.

"Je ne veux plus d'un monde où tout change, où tout passe."

He hears from a distance the clashing of the arms of the parties which are disputing and threatening. He is very sceptical; speaking of a Republican prefect who had made it a crime to doubt "the greatness and the stability of the Republic," he says: "As for its stability, I know not, and it seems to me that Louis Napoleon knocks at the door with a mixture of force and of discretion." He enjoys his quiet life at Broglie, where the squirrels continue to go up and down the trees without enquiring for Paris news. "There is not one of them who subscribes to the meanest newspaper"; the cows in the field ignore the Ledru-Rollins or Louis Blancs who speak of recommencing the universe on a better plan. He is a fatalist also, and knows that a revolution has its laws, like a projectile which follows its parabola. He sees very early that the Republic will end in an Empire. When the heart is empty, the first comer will storm it without difficulty. "This Prince Napoleon, . . . for whom nobody ever had a thought six months ago, has suddenly become an object of humanitarian love." When he sees certain people trying to attack the revolutionary and socialist spirit in books and pamphlets, Doudan shrugs his shoulders: "The new spirit cannot be conjured with pen and ink. The only thing is to remain in the ark, when one has a little ark to himself, to

converse with friends of things eternal, to open the window from time to time to see if some head of a mountain is emerging from the waters."

In the *'Femmes Savantes'* Molière has a small valet who makes a hasty movement and falls to the ground; upon which one of the ladies exclaims, and explains to the poor boy the theory of the centre of gravity: "Did you not perceive, young man, that your centre of gravity was no longer in the proper place?"

"Je m'en suis aperçu, Madame, étant par terre."

It is evident that Doudan looks upon all his doctrinaire friends with a slight feeling of pity and contempt. They also "s'en étaient aperçu, étant par terre"; the same may be said of the Republicans. They did not understand that Prince Napoleon was altering the centre of gravity of the Republic. All M. Doudan's letters during the period of the *coup d'état* have been suppressed, and I deplore it, for they cannot but be extremely interesting. In the first letter after this event which is allowed publicity we find this judgment (11th February, 1852): "When the dust of the battle shall have settled, we shall all of us take our natural course again. As for myself, who have never lived except with the liberty of thinking, of speaking, of writing, I shall, I dare say, have much difficulty in getting accustomed to the beneficent régime inaugurated on the 2d of December. It seems to me that I live in a new planet, in a planet where there is a great silence, a dry and cold wind. The profound spirits say that this is the condition of order; I am quite incapable of contradicting them." Doudan was too much of a philosopher not to understand that reason in politics is not different from reason in morals; that it ought to be neither violent, nor unjust, nor injurious. He disliked what he called the "possessed." The evil one, says he in one of his letters, puts a good idea into a mind, and with some heat he dilates this idea till the unfortunate mind is like a cow who has eaten too much clover. "All systematic minds are, more or less, under the rule of the evil one, who inspires them with an imperious tone, contempt of all others, contempt of all ideas different from their own. This is the worm at the bottom of this rose which you call M. de Montalembert; of this flower which you call M. de Maistre." A most admirable book of thoughts and maxims could be extracted from Doudan's correspondence. His was not only a noble and generous mind, it was deeply imbued with that sense which is the rarest of all—common sense.

Notes.

MURD & HOUGHTON announce 'Arizona as It Is,' by Hiram C. Hodge.—'Oriental Religions and their Relation to Universal Religion,' by the Rev. Samuel Johnson, will shortly be published by J. R. Osgood & Co.—G. P. Putnam's Sons announce 'The Johnson Manor,' by James Kent.—S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, publish immediately an American novelette called 'Tangled,' and have in press 'First Lessons in Latin,' by Prof. Elisha Jones, of the University of Michigan.—Dr. Henry E. Turner's interesting paper on the "Greenes of Warwick in Colonial History," read before the Rhode Island Society last February, has been printed in a thin volume (Newport). The Greenes in question were the descendants of the eldest son of John Greene, the founder, a different line from that which Gen. Nathaniel Greene made illustrious. They were altogether a remarkable family, and can be cited as proof of hereditary character, if not hereditary genius. John Greene, by the way, was a surgeon, and his only daughter (who survived her infancy) "married James Sweet, and is reputed to be the progenetrix of the well-known race of bonesetters."—Lockwood, Brooks & Co., Boston, whose Harvard Book-rack was a very useful and ingenious contrivance, have now devised a Field Portfolio for the use of botanists, whether professional or amateur. It can be easily packed in a trunk, and contains twenty-four pages of porous paper, with room for more. Strips of gummed paper for fastening the plant to be preserved make the outfit complete.—The English papers report the discovery in South Australia of a copy of Charles and Mary Lamb's 'Poetry for Children,' a little work that appeared in 1809 in two volumes, was sold out rapidly, and then disappeared. Specimens of the eighty-four poems are to be given in this month's *Gentleman's Magazine*, but it cannot be doubted that a new edition of the work will be speedily brought out.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, of this city, already known for judicious gifts of money in aid of public objects, offers through the *Library Table* three prizes for essays on any phase of the "Labor Question" considered in its widest scope. They are to be prepared as if for publica-

tion in newspapers, and therefore have a length assigned them of about 2,000 words; and after the three best have been rewarded with one hundred, seventy-five, and fifty dollars gold, respectively, Mrs. Thompson reserves to herself the right to accept as many of the remainder as she chooses at twenty dollars each. The articles should be sent to the office of the *Library Table*, 47 Lafayette Place, before October 1. The committee to pass upon them will be designated by the American Social Science Association at its approaching meeting. Mrs. Thompson has been led to make this offer from having been informed that there are three millions of unemployed persons in the United States. She does not expressly call for an answer to the questions: "Who can tell us why or how this appalling situation arose?" "Is there no remedy?" "Can anything be done for these idle millions?"—but they may serve to keep the essayists within bounds, and some good might be accomplished if the truth of the statement that one in every fourteen of the total population, or one in every four and a half of the working population, is out of employment, were investigated. For ourselves we do not believe it. The prescribed limit of the articles makes it certain, we fear, that the majority of them will be pure rubbish. A great many assertions and assumptions can be uttered in two thousand words; but hardly any remedy can be broached and none can be discussed so briefly.

—Some of the statistics of the graduating class of Cornell University have the curiosity of novelty. The class numbered 68, of whom 7 were women. It will scarcely be credited that these seven all expressed themselves in favor of co-education. Twenty-six of the young men did likewise; but they were outnumbered by the neutral, the non-committal, the indifferent, and the undecided. The "oldest man" (23 years of age) was a woman, and so was the "lightest man." The professed Republicans of the class were 32; the Independents, 13; and there was 1 Whig, but unfortunately for his usefulness he came not from the South but from California, where we know of no other member of the party except the Calaveras skull. Not a dozen men of the class could agree on the subject of religion; the list begins with 10 Liberals, and ends with 1 undecided and 1 doubtful, and includes 3 Spiritualists. Not a single graduate proposes to enter the ministry; 17 will follow engineering—civil or mechanical; the law claims 11, and teaching 10. The New-Yorkers in the class numbered 39; the Ohioans, 6; the New-Englanders, 4 (Maine and New Hampshire unrepresented). Among the civil engineers were three Brazilians.

—There is much good reading in *Lippincott's* for July. We can recommend Mr. Gibbs's "Edinburgh Jottings;" (one of the illustrated articles) and Mrs. Wister's "Last Words from Sainte-Beuve" as being entertaining, and Mr. Harding's "Primary and Secondary Education in France" for its timely instructiveness. Mr. Sidney Lanier's "From the Flats" calls for more than one reading, perhaps, to master the full sense of it, but is still to our mind one of his least affected and most enjoyable shorter poems. A yearning akin to Mignon's finds very similar expression, but it is Georgia and not Italy

"Where white the quartz and pink the pebbles shine."

Certainly the best of the prose articles in this number is Mr. Henry James, jr.'s "An English Easter." It neither begins nor ends exactly as one might anticipate from its title, for the opening discourse on the arbitrariness of British customs is not at once seen to be a mere prelude to the remark that everybody quits London at Easter; nor that again to be introductory to an account of the writer's own flight into Kent, with which he concludes. But both the beginning and the end are delightful in different ways, the one full of picturesque description, the other of striking and original observations of men and manners. Mr. James grumbles a little, as it is his right in England, at the practice of keeping the servants out of the room at breakfast, and of depriving one of his napkin at luncheon, a meal which "differs from dinner only in being several degrees more elaborate and copious." But he has plenty of praise of English manly and womanly beauty, even among the lower grades of society; and in the rabble which followed Mr. George Odger's body to the grave, Mr. James could still see more to charm than to revolt him. Here is another compliment which might be called left-handed, but which on the whole will not excite British displeasure. He is speaking of the universal church-going on Sunday, and says:

"In this great exhibition there is something very striking to a stranger, something which he hardly knows whether to pronounce very sublime or very puerile. He inclines on the whole to pronounce it sublime, because it gives him the feeling that whenever it may become necessary for a people trained in these manœuvres to move all together under a common

direction, they will have it in them to do so with tremendous force and cohesiveness. We hear a good deal about the effect of the Prussian military system in consolidating the German people and making them available for a particular purpose; but I really think it not fanciful to say that the military punctuality which characterizes the English observance of Sunday ought to be appreciated in the same fashion."

—The late Robert Dale Owen, who died at his summer residence on Lake George on June 24, was son of the famous philanthropist, Robert Owen, and will be pronounced of the two the greater man. He was born in 1804, at New Lanark, in Scotland, the scene of his maternal grandfather's experiments in reconciling labor and capital, and accompanied his father to America at about the age of twenty, assisting in the foundation of the community at New Harmony, Indiana. This was the beginning of the Socialist furor in this country, though not actually the first community, since Robert Owen bought out the Rappites, and changed their Harmony to New Harmony. The enterprise, in spite of its being bolstered with seven "constitutions," broke down at the end of three years. The New Harmony Gazette was transferred to New York in 1830, and was edited for several years by Robert Dale Owen and Fanny Wright, his gifted and independent countrywoman, whose communistic effort among the blacks near Memphis, in 1825-28, and subsequent lecture tour through the States, had given her a notoriety which has perhaps too soon passed away. To her influence upon him may be traced his advocacy of the rights of women—a cause with which he was identified to the very last. When the opportunity came, in 1850, to give practical effect to his opinions, he succeeded, as a leading member of the Indiana Constitutional Convention in 1850, in making great changes in the laws respecting the property of married women, and is said to have been responsible for those loose provisions for divorce which have become the scandal of the State. At the same time, however, he rendered invaluable service by introducing the free-school system and by other measures of constitutional reform. His political career began in 1840 as a Van Buren elector. In 1843 and 1845 he was elected to Congress. In 1853, under Pierce's Administration, he was made chargé d'affaires at Naples, where he spent five years and first came in contact with Spiritualism, which completely mastered his convictions. Returning to this country in 1858, he published in the following year his 'Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World,' and this, with his 'Debatable Land' (1872), remains the most respectable and impressive contribution to the subject that has ever proceeded from a believer in the reality of Spiritual phenomena. At the outbreak of the rebellion, he threw himself unreservedly on the side of the Government, and strenuously urged the emancipation of the slaves. In defence of the policy already resolved upon, he published in 1864 'The Wrong of Slavery and Right of Emancipation.' Since the war he has been prominent chiefly as a Spiritualist, and his deception by the Katie King imposture and subsequent derangement, from which he quickly recovered, are still fresh in everybody's remembrance. Mr. Owen was a gentleman in the best sense of the word, and his early education in Switzerland and lifelong scholarly habits, joined to native moderation of character, secured for him a sphere of usefulness and a degree of public esteem which his more radical and less dispassionate associates failed to attain.

—It would be unfair to assume that the President's appointee for Commissioner of Agriculture is destitute of all fitness for the place, though he might as well be for aught the public can judge. Gen. William G. Leduc, of Minnesota, is, we learn, a native of Ohio, a graduate of Kenyon College, and a special friend of the President's private secretary, whose qualifications for filling offices of such importance as that of Commissioner of Agriculture are unknown to us. Gen. Leduc is further described as a "practical farmer"—which is not reassuring—and as having taken part in the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad. His executive ability is to be inferred from these facts, and from his service in the army as a quartermaster, brevetted brigadier. The appointment, however, is to be judged not merely by itself, but as a selection, and a selection from actual candidates. Regarded in this light, it seems to be a rejection of the scientific view of the functions of the Department which has been urged with so much force during the past few months, and which every one hoped would find favor with the President and result in the choice of Dr. John Le Conte. As Dr. Le Conte's executive capacity is unquestioned, we know no principle of selection except that of "caste" which should make Gen. Leduc outrank him. At all events, the country will be surprised if the new incumbent introduces any material changes in the administration of the Department.

—We remarked the other day that the Boston in which Mr. Motley grew up existed no longer, though a good many Bostonians had yet to

discover the fact. As the most significant change which has come over the city has been the altered ratio of the native and foreign population, so that the latter now greatly preponderate, one might naturally ascribe to this the decay of municipal feeling evinced by the desperate struggle to preserve the Old South. This theory is at least invalidated by the attitude of the Church itself towards its cast-off meeting-house; and there is besides plenty of evidence that the Bostonians *pur sang* are no longer united on questions of local sentiment. The Common, for instance, used to be peculiarly the pride of the city. No description of any other park could make his forty acres seem to the true Bostonian either petty or ill-kept. In its place certainly it is not petty, and if it has been ill-kept, this has been due more to ignorance on the part of the city foresters than to wilful neglect. Of late years there have been numerous attacks on it by and through the city government, but hitherto they have not been successful in cutting off any portion of it, or in running streets through it, or in building permanently upon it. The thoroughfare project was headed off by an act of legislature; but the schemes for buildings of a more or less temporary and popular character for shows, festivals, etc., had not yet received a similar quietus when the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association, whose annual exhibition is a great occasion in Boston, endeavored to secure the training and ball-ground as a place to erect a building for that purpose. This very wealthy and respectable society found no difficulty in presenting a strong petition, which the Board of Aldermen incontinently granted; and then the Boston of other days woke up and began its remonstrance. The story is too long to rehearse here. It is fully told in a report of the committee of the remonstrants, forming an interesting pamphlet under the title of 'The Public Rights in Boston Common.' The result was a division in the city councils, followed by another successful appeal to the legislature for a general act prohibiting such use or abuse of commons. Without going into the merits of the controversy, we simply remark the curious fact that the wealth, intelligence, and blue blood of Boston were by no means confined to the remonstrants, and that, as far as we can judge by names, the Irish aldermen and councilmen mainly voted against the petition and actually defeated it. A Catholic priest made a very forcible argument in committee against the proposed building as an injury to his poorer parishioners; while the Rev. E. E. Hale, so zealous on behalf of the Old South, appeared as one of the Association's witnesses. Mr. William H. Whitmore, chairman of the citizens' committee, has appended to the report a short history of the Common, which shows it to have been part of the land assigned in 1633 to William Blackstone, that worthy squatter who had anticipated the settlement of Boston by the Massachusetts Bay Company, and who was thus bought off.

—As a political satire not much can be said of 'Humors of the Times,' a pamphlet play, "printed for the author," which reaches us from Chicago. Its first act consists of conversations that might have taken place among the leading Republican machinists at about the time of Hayes's inauguration, if they had been the shallow rascals some of their opponents declared them to be. Of the second and final act we have only the argument, and naturally enough, since it includes the restoration of the Democratic candidate by the Supreme Court, the abdication of the President, and "a general hegira of officials and barnacles; all showing how retributive justice never sleeps, and how the whirligig of time brings its own revenges." The pamphlet is anonymous. In a crimson cover, bordered with black and adorned with skull and cross-bones, we have 'The Ku-Klux-Klan; or, The Carpet-Bagger in New Orleans,' a play in three acts, by Mrs. E. A. Merriwether, of Memphis, Tenn. This is written in far better temper than the Chicago burlesque, and indeed has some pretensions to literary merit. The plot, although disjointed, is possible, and the dialogues, while showing a lack of experience, might in the hands of a good amateur company make the piece as amusing as the "Spirit of Seventy-Six." There is throughout a curious mixture of allegory and fact. The names of the characters are a little too suggestive of the once popular but empty novel 'Ten Thousand a Year'; the Widow Seesh, for instance, has five sons—General, Kernel, Major, Capten, and Ku-Klux, and the carpet-bagger, Oily Unctuous, is a lineal descendant of the junior partner in Quirk, Gammon & Snap. There is both humor and good humor in the little piece, and if the carpet-baggers are bad men, the ex-rebels very unfortunate, and the negroes put on airs, the one ex-Union soldier is a fine fellow who finally marries the young and lovely heroine. The one illustration is characteristic; in a Ku-Klux case ten negroes and two carpet-baggers form the jury, and the legend beneath is: "1st Jurymen—We'll bulldoze 'em." 2d Jurymen—We'll intimidate 'em."

—The "Convention of Geneva" of 1864 has been eclipsed in the popular mind by the later transactions, at the same city, in the direction of international reform—the Arbitration Commission of 1867 and the meeting, in 1874, of the two rival associations for international law reform. It marks, nevertheless, a distinct and important step in this reform, having been devoted solely to the object of protecting what may be called the hospital department, in all its branches, in time of war. We have received from Mr. L. W. Schmidt a prize essay upon this Convention by Prof. C. Läder, of Erlangen, in the French translation made by authority of the "International Committee of the Red Cross"—the red cross on a white ground being the badge adopted by the Convention to designate the department in question. The discussion is complete—historical, critical, and dogmatic—and in a closing chapter the author suggests certain additional provisions, of a nature rather to define than to extend that of the Convention. In the war of 1870 some difficulties were found in the way of the practical working of the rules, and the author says in his preface that he "has attempted to resolve the conflict—apparently and to a certain extent really insoluble—between war and humanity by the establishment of fixed international rules. His point of view rests upon this idea, that the Convention of Geneva, as well as all international legislation, can have a durable life or be of a real utility only by lessening and combating exaggerated and illusory demands. . . . The Red Cross can be in war only servant, not master." An appendix contains, in a tabulated form, certain statistics bearing upon the subject, and the various other propositions intended to secure the same end.

—Under the title of 'Letters from Philadelphia' a number of occasional letters, contributed to a Vienna journal by the wife of Dr. Migerka, chief of the Austrian Commission to the Centennial Exposition, have been published in a neat pamphlet of about 200 pages ('Briefe aus Philadelphia (1876), an eine Freundin, von Catherina Migerka.' Vienna, 1877). The writer has evidently been a careful and not unfriendly observer of various American traits, and has given us a graceful and charming record of her impressions. She seems to have had good opportunities of studying our domestic life in its more favorable phases; is astonished by the number, variety, and extent of our beneficent institutions—by the fact that, in this country, so much of such work is done by women, and that all, or nearly all, of it is accomplished by the unaided efforts of private citizens. There are, also, chapters devoted to the Quakers, Sunday-schools, the American observance of Sunday, brief notes of travel, etc., etc. Without for a moment forgetting the real or imagined superiority of certain German ways, Madame Migerka is so cordial in her approval of what has pleased her that her little book must needs put American readers, and notably Philadelphians, in a good humor with themselves and the author.

—Amid the numerous publications—most of them of a very special and technical nature—that betoken the activity of the German mind in the department of Teutonic philology, we single out two or three more important or more attractive to the general reader than the rest. First, Lachmann's essays, under the title, 'Kleinere Schriften,' edited, vol. i., 'Deutsche Philologie,' by Müllenhoff; vol. ii., 'Classische Philologie,' by Vahlen. The value of such a collection is almost self-evident. No man played in his day a more important part than Lachmann, no man had more devoted followers, more determined and bitter opponents. Some of his earlier and *epoche-machend* essays have long been out of print, and are scarcely procurable on any terms. Müllenhoff, moreover, having access to Lachmann's manuscripts and private copies, has been able to supply the corrections that would have been made by the author himself, and in some instances even to add new matter that has never heretofore been printed. A notable instance of this is the second part of the celebrated essay on 'Old German Accent and Metres.' But, aside from corrections and additions, it is of interest to know that we have now for the first time an opportunity of studying Lachmann's essays in a compact, uniform, and comparatively inexpensive shape. The range of subject is wide and the treatment masterly. However much opinions may differ concerning the soundness of Lachmann's views, for instance upon the ballad-structure of the 'Nibelungenlied,' there can be no question as to his originality and vigor. He it was who first put the metrical system of Old and Middle High German in a clear light; who showed, by example and by criticism, how the early monuments of the language should be edited and interpreted, and who put an end for ever to the dilettanteism of such men as Von der Hagen. It is a pleasure and a stimulus to glance over the pages of Müllenhoff's volume and encounter on every side views that have long since become common property, but which here come to us with a touch of their original freshness.

—Wilmanns' 'Beiträge zur Erklärung und Geschichte des Nibelungenlieds,' a pamphlet of ninety pages, is the latest (of course not the *last*) word upon this inexhaustible theme. The author, an earnest but not blind adherent of Lachmann, attempts to apply the latter's views to the solution of some of the problems offered by the last third of the poem. The conduct and actions of Dietrich of Bern, as depicted by the poem in its present shape, are not self-consistent. Instead of attacking the Burgundians in revenge for the slaughter of his friend Rüdiger, he acts at first as a sort of peace-maker, and is finally goaded on only by the taunts of Hagen and the frenzy of Kriemhild. Wilmanns' theory is that that part of the Lied which relates to Dietrich is an interpolation in an earlier poem in which there was no Dietrich, but in which Rüdiger and Kriemhild were the chief figures.

—Weinhold's 'Mittelhochdeutsche Grammatik' is the most valuable production of its kind that we have had occasion to chronicle for some time. It is a full, we might almost say an exhaustive, treatise of 500 pp. The only defect that a somewhat cursory examination has revealed is the absence of anything relating to syntax. This, doubtless, was not within the author's intention. We are fully aware, of course, of the difficulties, many of them insuperable, that would beset any attempt to treat of mediæval syntax. The subject is in itself extremely complicated, and, furthermore, it cannot be mastered until much more has been accomplished in the study of general Indo-European syntax. The efforts of Erdmann in his 'Syntax bei Otfried,' although meeting with universal approval, are little more than a beginning. But while we make these concessions in favor of Weinhold, we cannot refrain from expressing our regret that he has not at least attempted to group under general headings a few of the more striking phenomena of mediæval German syntax. For instance, the use of the genitive case, adverbial forms, the government of verbs and prepositions. There are occasions upon which, as Grimm has quaintly expressed it, "one must have the courage to fail." And we think that a treatise upon the syntax of such a language is precisely one of the occasions where honest failure can bring no reproach and may lead to greater success. There are few languages that can vie with mediæval German for beauty of style and smoothness of versification. In fact, we go to the extent of believing that no language since the days of ancient Greece is its equal in the perfect adaptation of form to sense, of metre to movement. And we can imagine no pleasanter recreation for the professed scholar than to take with him, for the long vacation, Brockhaus' set of German classics of the Middle Ages, and give himself up to the æsthetic luxury of a quiet "read." Herein Weinhold's grammar will be an indispensable companion. It is clear, thoroughly scientific in its arrangement, fully abreast of the latest discoveries, and wonderfully copious in its illustrative examples. The chapter of thirty pages on "Word-Composition," for instance, leaves almost nothing to be desired, and a careful study of it will throw much light upon the same subject in modern German. To illustrate the author's advanced scholarship, we may state that he gives German *e* and *o* (the weakenings of primitive *a*) as earlier in development than the Gothic *i* and *u*. This view, in direct opposition to Grimm's, was first broached only twenty years ago, and has been fully established only within five years. Thus it is adopted in the last (third) edition of Fick's 'Vergleichendes Wörterbuch der Indo-Germanischen Sprachen,' but not in the earlier editions.

—A paper published three years ago by Drs. Deecke and Siegmund was so much of an advance on previous knowledge of the Cypriote characters just then being deciphered, that any thing in the way of research on that or kindred subjects by Dr. Deecke is to be received with respect. In his two papers, however, on the Cypriote and Phœnician alphabets he has entered on such a field of wild conjecture that one is compelled to conclude that the regretted death of Dr. Siegmund while exploring one of the tombs of Cyprus is a loss which his associate cannot make good. Dr. Deecke attempts, in his pamphlet on 'The Origin of the Cypriote Syllabary,' to show that it was adapted about the end of the eighth or first half of the seventh century before Christ from the cuneiform syllabary of Assyria, whose kings Sargon and Esarhaddon received the homage of the kings of Cyprus. To prove this notion Dr. Deecke gives tables of the Cypriote syllables, placing beside them the Assyrian characters corresponding in sound. Unfortunately, it takes great imagination to detect any resemblance, except in the case of *ki*, *pa*, and *mi*. But the sound of the cuneiform character which he makes *ki* does not begin with a palatal, but with the aspirate *cheth*, and there is no proper phonetic correspondence. The cuneiform syllable which he compares with the Cypriote *mi* is not *mi* in the Assyrian but *pi* turned over, and the Archaic *pi* at that;

which leaves us only *pa*, in which case the resemblance is striking and was noticed by Brandis. It is, however, in all probability purely accidental. It is utterly improbable that Cyprus, placed in the midst of the teeming commerce of the Mediterranean coasts for at least five centuries, and probably ten or fifteen, before the time of Sargon, with its cities and kings, had to wait for its alphabet till after the fall of the kingdom of Israel. Even if the Cypriote syllabary was taken from the cuneiform it is against all analogy to suppose that it would have been immediately altered out of all likeness to it. It probably had its source in some hieroglyphic system, possibly that of the Hamath or, more properly, Hittite inscriptions. At least three Cypriote characters, *ti*, *si*, and *mo*, are absolutely identical with the Hittite hieroglyphics, which gives a vastly better basis for conjecture than Dr. Deecke can find in the cuneiform. He makes a few suggestions as to the origin of the Aramaic characters which seem even more baseless, and the only really plausible suggestion is that the Greek upsilon, the first of the supplementary letters, was taken from the Cypriote *u*, with which it is identical in form.

—Dr. Deecke's paper on "The Origin of the Semitic Alphabet" appears in the journal of the German Oriental Society. In two tables he puts against the Phœnician letters whatever cuneiform characters he may select out of the whole number, from twenty to a hundred, that represent a syllable beginning with that or a kindred sound. Out of so large a field for choice it is not strange that he generally finds one having the desired number of strokes, no matter how arranged, and, considering the Assyrian polyphony, something like the desired meaning. In seeking for an Assyrian character, for example, to derive the Phœnician *k* from, he selects the most feasible form for transposition from the series—*ka*, *ki*, *ku*; *ga*, *gi*, *gu*; *qa*, *qi*, *qu*; *kab*, *gab*, *qab*, etc.—through the whole series of closed syllables. As if this were not sufficient, he even takes the entire range not of the ordinary cuneiform only, but also of the Archaic and the Median forms. When he finds one with the right number of straight lines in it he rearranges them into the requisite form. Of course, he succeeds in finding the little he wants. But to do it he goes to one of the Assyrian *kafs* for his *qof*, and to a *qof* for *kaf*; his *lamed* is from a character that is always phonetically pronounced *nu*; his *yod* is from an *ayin*, and so through the most of his list. His Assyrian characters are less trustworthy than might be desired, being derived largely from De Chossat, whose syllabary is full of blunders. The Assyrian characters are polyphones, it is true, but in ordinary use they had their fixed value, and the scribe or priest whom Deecke imagines to have made them over into Phœnician in the ninth century B.C. would really have been much more limited than Deecke imagines in his choice of characters. Even in the Phœnician Dr. Deecke shows himself too little of an epigraphist to treat the subject intelligently. The oldest Phœnician shows in certain letters, as in *beth*, *var*, *lamed*, and *pe*, as written in the ninth century B.C., a curve element which Dr. Deecke does not at all comprehend. This unfortunate essay will certainly strengthen the confidence felt in the generally accepted theory of the Egyptian origin of the Phœnician alphabet.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF CHOPIN.*

IF music is the most subjective of the arts, the most subjective of musicians is F. Chopin. His works are so much the reflex of his own personal feelings, joys, and sufferings, that for an adequate appreciation and interpretation of them one must either have a natural affinity with the composer, or else be thoroughly familiar with the facts and peculiarities of his life, the circumstances under which his works originated, and the manners, customs, and fate of the Polish nation. In view of this, and also of the fact that next to novels biographies are perhaps the most popular class of books, it seems strange that so many years should have elapsed before any one undertook the task of preparing a biography of the Polish pianist and composer for that large body of readers who greedily swallow every detail of the lives and doings of great men. We know of only two sketches of the life of Chopin. Franz Liszt, his great admirer and friendly rival, has written a memoir of him in French (also translated into English), which, however, does not supply many facts, and is written in a too hyperbolic and sentimental style for the taste of the present day. It also contains several misstatements, two of which may be here corrected. Chopin was not from his fifteenth year a sickly and nervous youth, but only became so ten years later in Paris, in consequence of his irregular life. His eyes were dark-brown and not "light blue," as

Liszt several times styles them. It is strange that Liszt, who associated so much with Chopin, should have made such a mistake. His memoir, however, is of value and interest because it gives the reader a vivid idea of life in Poland, and hence of that *milieu*, or surrounding circumstances and associations, a knowledge of which is so important in forming an estimate of an artist's activity. The other sketch is by La Mara, in the first volume of her interesting "Musikalische Studienköpfe," but is too brief and incomplete to deserve any other name than that of a musical reverie. Material for a biography of Chopin is also scattered through the works of George Sand, Heine, Hiller, and Schumann.

"Chopin is and remains the boldest and proudest poetic spirit of his time." This opinion of Schumann's M. Karasowski has used as the motto of his interesting biography, which embodies all that is known of the life of Chopin, with remarks on his works, and contains all his letters to his parents and friends up to the year 1831, seventeen years before his death. The remainder of the letters, unfortunately, were destroyed during an insurrection at Warsaw by a band of soldiers, who used them, together with a number of other relics of the composer, to keep up a fire at which they were brewing a punch. The loss of these letters is all the more to be regretted as they contained a record of the most brilliant period of the author's career—his sojourn at Paris, where he came into contact with the most distinguished men and women of the period, such as Liszt, Mendelssohn, Cherubini, Rossini, Heine, and George Sand. Chopin was not very fond of writing letters. It is known that sometimes he would run over half Paris to save himself the trouble of writing a note. But in his letters to his parents and one or two intimate friends he used to give unreserved expression to his thoughts and feelings. There is sometimes in them a touch of humor that reminds one of Heine; and great men he often characterizes admirably with a few strokes of the pen. One citation may serve as a specimen. In a letter dated Vienna, December 25, 1830, he says: "Thalberg is also here at present and plays admirably, but he is not my man. He is younger than I, is a great favorite with the ladies, writes *potpourris* on 'Masaniello,' plays his *forte* and *piano* with the pedal and not with the hand, strikes tenths as easily as I do octaves, and wears diamond studs in his shirt. Moscheles he does not at all admire, and it is, therefore, no wonder that he likes merely the *tutti* in my concerto. He also writes concertos."

Closely connected with this felicity in sketching was his great gift of mimicry, which was developed early in his youth. His first letters were written from Berlin, where his father had sent him that he might become familiar with the best German and Italian music. His natural timidity and diffidence prevented him from seeking an introduction to Spontini, Zelter, Mendelssohn, and other great musicians he saw there. Instead of this he took the liberty of making caricatures of them, which always remained one of his favorite amusements. Some good stories are told in the book of how he used to amuse his friends by imitating various peasant dialects, as well as the manner and style of playing of Liszt, Kalkbrenner, Pixis, and other eminent pianists. A distinguished French actor once confessed that he had never before met with such great imitative talent. Another faculty which was developed in Chopin at an early age was that of improvising, in which he always greatly distinguished himself. Often, for hours at a time, he would keep a company spell-bound, performer and hearers being alike unconscious of the lapse of time. At his first concert in Vienna he improvised on an air from the "Dame Blanche," and subsequently on a Polish song—a feat which pianists nowadays would scarcely venture upon in public.

Although Chopin spent the greater part of his life at Paris and his father was of French birth (Nancy), yet his compositions show scarcely a trace of French influence. Such an original and deep nature as his was not likely to be carried along by the noisy and foaming, but superficial, current of French music. Nor, on the other hand, does he seem to belong to either of the two other great branches of musical development, the German and the Italian. His compositions are Polish in body and spirit, in structure and sentiment, and one recognizes their nationality as easily as one does that of a Japanese silhouette. The compositions of Rubinstein often betray a Russian, those of Liszt a Hungarian, origin, but not to such an extent as the compositions of Chopin betray their native soil. In his moral character and mode of life, however, the French element was much more prominent. Schopenhauer might have pointed to him as confirming his pet theory, that a man of genius gets his intellectual faculties and tendencies from his mother, but his will, or character, from his father. Chopin's mother was Polish, and to Poland his father emigrated as a young man, where, in course of time, he obtained a professorship of the French language

* Friedrich Chopin: Sein Leben, Werke, und Briefe. Von M. Karasowski. 2 vols. Dresden: F. Riese. 1877.

in the Lyceum at Warsaw. Here Frederic Chopin was born, in the year 1809 (not 1810, as his statue in Père-la-Chaise at Paris erroneously indicates). He had two sisters, one of whom died young, while the other is still living and has distinguished herself as a writer on educational subjects. Nicholas Chopin enjoyed such a good reputation that a number of the best Polish families had their sons educated at his house, and the constant intercourse with these families could not but contribute to form those refined and polished manners which afterwards so characterized his son Frederic. The musical talent of young Chopin, as has been the case with perhaps all the great pianists, was developed very early. Like Rubinstein, he was eight years old when he appeared for the first time on the concert-stage. The concert was for the benefit of the poor, and it is remarkable that his last concert, given in Paris thirty-three years subsequently, was also for a charitable object—the proceeds being devoted to the Polish fugitives in that city. The only teacher Chopin ever had was the composer Elsner, who showed his sense and liberality by not attempting to force the genius of his pupil into the Procrustes-bed of traditional forms and usages. He seemed to recognize the principle that every genuine artist is like a new kind of crystal, which must be allowed to crystallize in its own original way. "Leave him alone," he used to say; "he does not follow the usual path because his talent is of an unusual kind. He will in his works discover an originality such as has been shown by no one up to his time." And Elsner was right. Not only does Chopin never repeat himself, but in all his works there is scarcely a bar which has a parallel in the compositions of any other composer excepting his imitators. His horror of antiquated phrases and cadences and of superannuated forms is as great as Wagner's. Another peculiarity of his compositions is that there seems to be little development in the direction of maturity from the earliest to the latest of them. From beginning to end there is the same wealth and gorgeous brilliancy of ideas, the same well-rounded form. This may partly be accounted for by his habit of severe self-criticism, which induced him to consign to the waste-paper basket many pieces that other composers would have saved.

Frederic was at first destined by his parents for no higher position than that of a first-class piano teacher. But when his talents began to unfold themselves so rapidly, steps were taken to provide him with the education necessary for the career of an artist. He was sent to Vienna. His journey took him through Dresden, where he was fortunate enough to witness the first performance on any stage of Goethe's "Faust," with Devrient as *Faust*. To be sure of getting a ticket, the young artist took his stand at the ticket-office before five o'clock. The performance lasted five hours—that is, just as long as Wagner's later music dramas. "A fearful but grand imagination," is the only remark he makes on it. In all of his letters, much as he speaks of performances he heard, it is a peculiarity of his that he discusses merely the actors and scarcely ever the work. The Dresden gallery made a great impression on him. "If I lived here," he writes, "I should go to it every week, for there are in it pictures at sight of which I imagine I hear music." At Vienna he was at first well received, although his playing made a greater impression than his compositions.

The prejudices arising from the political disturbances in Poland, the jealousy of rival pianists, and financial embarrassments, finally induced Chopin to leave Vienna and go to Paris, which was then the first, as it is now the last, of the musical capitals of Europe. Even here it took him two months to make arrangements for a concert, which was ultimately attended almost solely by the richer Polish residents in Paris, and did not even pay expenses. This so discouraged him that he for some time entertained the idea of emigrating to America, but finally made up his mind to go back to his native city. But, on the eve of his departure, he accepted an invitation to an evening party at Rothschild's. He was invited to play, and his improvisation produced such an impression that on the same evening his services as teacher were requested by some of the first families of Paris, his pecuniary embarrassments ceased, and in a short time he found himself the lion of the day, overwhelmed with honors and petted by the ladies. As a teacher Chopin never took less than twenty francs a lesson, and no consideration, pecuniary or otherwise, could induce him to take any but pupils of talent. All his pupils had to begin with Clementi's "Gradus ad Parnassum," and the formation of a delicate touch was his principal aim with them. He himself always practised Bach when preparing for a concert. His aesthetic tastes led him to join the so-called "romantic" school of Liszt and Berlioz. We must refer to the book itself for the interesting and romantic account of his connection with George Sand and their final separation, chiefly through the medium of her novel, "Lucrezia Floriana," in which Chopin and George Sand figure

as hero and heroine. The influence of these two remarkable minds on each other was very great. A French writer says of George Sand: "When she was writing she would often ask Chopin to sit down by the piano and improvise, and, inspired by his playing, she wrote some of her finest novels."

Some of the peculiarities of Chopin's life, character, and works not yet touched upon must be summed up in a few words. His last years were as full of mental anguish and nervous suffering as those of Heine, with whose genius his own had much affinity. This is especially shown in that peculiar sudden change from a sad to a humorous, from a humorous to a sad tone, which characterizes the work of both. It has often been remarked that in the expression of refined Jewish ladies there is always a feature of sadness and melancholy, like an impress or shadow of the great sufferings to which their race was for so many centuries subjected. In the same manner the proverbially unhappy fates of the Polish nation are reflected in the works of Chopin. In all of them, even the most gay, there is an undercurrent of deep sadness, which swells to a torrent of tears when we come to his divine nocturnes, those priceless musical jewels, each of which in depth and polish is an imperial diamond of the purest water. Melancholy, fantastic, dreamy, solemn—who has ever realized what these psychological qualities are in their essence before making the acquaintance of these nocturnes? They are, in our opinion, his greatest works, those on which his immortality will chiefly rest. But yet how few can play them as they ought to be played? Next in beauty and importance are his mazurkas, in which he has worked up the folk-songs of Poland, as German and Greek poets have worked up the legends of their nation into some of their finest poems. His Polonaises explain themselves by their name. His very *études*, or studies, are characterized by great poetic beauty. Chopin wrote much dance-music, which, however, as he says himself in a letter, is not meant to be danced to. His waltzes are as superior to those of Strauss as Wagner's music-dramas are to the operettas of Offenbach. He composed only for the piano (he is the parlor-musician *par excellence*), but he has done for the parlor instrument what Wagner has done for the orchestra, in the development of new resources of coloring. Second only to the Bayreuth master in his command over new harmonic progressions and combinations, he stands alone among modern composers for originality of rhythmical invention. Every year adds to our appreciation of the orchis-like Polish composer, but yet what George Sand says in her "Histoire de ma vie" is still to a great extent true of the present day: "We must make great progress in our taste and appreciation of the musical art before the works of Chopin can attain that popularity which they deserve."

LODGE'S CABOT.*

THIS book is a considerable addition to the historical literature of the United States; in fact, it is a direct continuation of Mr. George Gibbs's "Memoir of Oliver Wolcott," which is better known as the "History of the Administrations of Washington and Adams." Both are histories of New England Federalism, but Mr. Gibbs stopped short at the year 1801, while Mr. John C. Hamilton's "Memoir of Alexander Hamilton," which is also better known under the more ambitious title of "History of the Republic," stops with the death of its principal character in 1804. The "Life of George Cabot" carries the story down to the extinction of Federalism in the peace of Ghent. There remains to be written only the life of Rufus King to place Federalism in one complete picture before the eyes of historians.

All these works are, in reality, biographies, and avowedly partisan. Mr. Lodge aims, like the others, at presenting his side of the picture, and, naturally, the view of his ancestor, in the most favorable light; but he writes with good temper, and, as a rule, is disposed to let his characters speak for themselves, which is a great virtue in a biographer. But, what is of more consequence, Mr. Lodge, like Mr. Gibbs, has had the courage and the honesty to conceal nothing and to print all his documents without omission or amendment. How rare this virtue is among biographers is shown by an example drawn from Mr. Lodge's own book. Many of his most interesting and most important documents, and the greater part of his proofs, are drawn from the Pickering MS. in the Library of the Massachusetts Historical Society; yet not one of these is to be found in the late life of Timothy Pickering by Mr. Upham, from which not the faintest conception of Mr. Pickering, as presented in Mr. Lodge's book, can be drawn. Mr. Upham, acting, as he doubtless supposed, in the interests of

* "Life and Letters of George Cabot. By Henry Cabot Lodge." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1877.

peace and good feeling, calmly suppressed a most important chapter of our history. This is not altogether surprising, since the papers, if published, must have shown Pickering in the light of a most indefatigable and successful plotter against the Union; but the suppression renders the book nearly worthless.

George Cabot is now principally remembered as the head of the Essex Junta and the president of the Hartford Convention. Next to Hamilton, and side by side with Rufus King, he was revered in his time as the oracle of Federalism. His public life was of little importance. Natural indolence and dislike of the rough personal collisions of politics led him to resign his seat in the Senate in the year 1796, after only five years' service, and to decline a seat in the Cabinet in 1798, but he was not the less a party leader; his friends invariably came to him for advice, and, whenever it was possible, they pushed him into responsible positions in spite of his obstinate resistance. He was Federalist to the core. He hated two things with all the vehemence of which his indolent and liberal nature was capable, and these two antipathies were democracy and France. He held the firm conviction that democracy must, in the end, overthrow society and itself, and that from the ruins a conservative government must arise. Like Hamilton and Fisher Ames, he believed that a "crisis" was inevitable, but the difference between him and his more ardent friends was that while they always thought the crisis at hand, he passed his time in convincing them that the fated moment had not yet arrived.

The two most valuable portions of this book deal with two of these supposed "crises." The first of these was in 1804, when many Federalist leaders, exasperated by Jefferson's removals from office, his purchase of Louisiana, his amendment of the Constitution relating to the mode of election of Vice-President, and his, or John Randolph's, impeachment of Judge Chase, formed a scheme for dissolving the Union and establishing a Northern Confederacy, with New York for its capital. The plot was hatched in Washington in the winter and spring of 1804. Timothy Pickering, Roger Griswold, Uriah Tracy, and half a dozen other New England Senators and members were privy to it, and by common agreement wrote to their friends to prepare the necessary measures. Griswold wrote to Oliver Wolcott a letter which has been printed in J. C. Hamilton's "History of the Republic." Wolcott seems to have sent the letter to Hamilton, and indeed there was reason enough why Hamilton should have been warned, for this wild scheme involved the entire disregard of Hamilton and the substitution of Burr as the Federal leader in a plan of disunion. To Hamilton was left only the possibility of an ultimate military leadership. Burr was to be made the Federal candidate for Governor of New York, and, if successful, the conspirators believed that he must go with them to the end. Hamilton naturally opposed this absurdity, defeated Burr's candidacy, exposed himself by bitter and unnecessary personal attacks on Burr's character to a challenge, and in July, 1804, fell under Burr's pistol. The plot came thus to an end, but the correspondence it caused is still most interesting reading, and Mr. Lodge gives a new instalment of it.

This episode, one of the most dramatic in our history, is as yet little familiar to the public, and indeed the subject has never been one of those on which New England is fond of talking. As a statement, therefore, of Essex-Junta Federalism, nothing can be more interesting than the two letters of Pickering and Cabot, dated, respectively, Jan. 29, 1804, and February 14, following. Here are a few extracts from Pickering's letter:

"... I do not believe in the practicability of a long-continued Union. . . . I believe, indeed, that if a Northern Confederacy were forming, our Southern brethren would be seriously alarmed, and probably abandon their virulent measures. But I greatly doubt whether prudence should suffer the connection to continue much longer. . . . But when and how is a separation to be effected? . . . It must begin in Massachusetts. The proposition would be welcomed in Connecticut. And could we doubt of New Hampshire? But New York must be associated, and how is her concurrence to be obtained? She must be made the centre of the Confederacy. Vermont and New Hampshire would follow, of course, and Rhode Island of necessity. Who can be consulted, and who will take the lead? The Legislature of Massachusetts and Connecticut meet in May, and of New Hampshire in the same month or in June. The subject has engaged the contemplation of many. The Connecticut gentlemen have seriously meditated upon it. . . . Perhaps a crisis may occur to mark the moment for decisive measures. Perhaps the violation of the Constitution in the arbitrary removal of the judges may hasten such a crisis. The signal, a bold but safe step by members of Congress."

To all of which Mr. Cabot answered as follows:

"... I greatly fear that a separation would be no remedy, because the source of the evils is in the political theories of our country

and in ourselves. A separation at some period not very remote may possibly take place: the first impression of it is even now favorably received by many; but I cannot flatter myself with the expectation of essential good to proceed from it while we retain maxims and principles which all experience, and, I may add, reason too, pronounce to be impracticable and absurd. . . . We are democratic altogether, and I hold democracy in its natural operation to be the government of the worst. . . . If no man in New England could vote for legislators who was not possessed in his own right of \$2,000 value in land, we could do something better; but neither this nor other material improvement can be made by fair consent of the people. I incline to the opinion that the essential alterations which may in future be made to amend our forms of government will be the consequence only of great suffering or the immediate effects of violence. . . ."

All Pickering's other correspondents answered in the same sense, approving the principle but dissuading from immediate action, so that on March 4, Pickering, writing to Rufus King to urge the support of Burr, could say: "I do not know *one* reflecting Novanglian who is not anxious for the GREAT EVENT at which I have glanced." It is amusing to observe that not one of these correspondents or principals ever raised, or seem even to have thought of the objection, that the scheme proposed was treason.

The second important moment in Mr. Lodge's book is, of course, the Hartford Convention. He shows how, after the collapse of the plot in 1804, Mr. Pickering and his friends remained quiet for three years. When the embargo excitement began Pickering was again the stormy petrel of the Federalist party, and in his letter to Governor Sullivan, of April 16, 1808, made the first call for a combination of the New England States against the national Government. Jefferson was a second time forced to abandon his policy from fear of disunion, and Mr. Pickering was a second time reduced to silence. But when war was declared in June, 1812, he immediately got together a convention in Essex County which recommended a State Convention, and chose delegates to it. "This measure was defeated at the headquarters of good principles," a phrase which means Mr. Harrison Gray Otis, who, for many years, had stood in Pickering's path. How the extreme Federalists disliked Mr. Otis is amply shown by these letters; but as an example of the manner in which a whole respectable and honorably distinguished family may be swept into one common mass of carrion by party friends, the following letter of Pickering's, dated February 3, 1814, is worth attention:

"Conversing to-day with Mr. King on H. G. Otis, and his capital defect—timidity, he told me that his uncle, James Otis, who made so great a figure in the first contests with our parent country—while they rested on paper—was of the same cast of character; and added, that the whole race was distinguished by the same features. As for Sam. A. Otis, the Secretary of the Senate, I do not know a poorer creature under the sun, being alike destitute of understanding and independence. Of Jemmy Otis, as H. Gray Otis's uncle used to be called, Mr. King told me this anecdote; that after he had written his pamphlet on the rights of the colonies, he, under the influence of his fears, wrote another pamphlet taking back the substance of the former; all that was bold in character. This second pamphlet he met with in England. Massachusetts must select and support patriots of a different stamp from the Otises, if she would be relieved from present oppression, and secured against a confirmed tyranny."

Only eight months after this letter was written Mr. Otis made the one mistake of his political life, and became the "putative" father of the Hartford Convention. From the papers published by Mr. Lodge, it is now an easy task to settle the long-standing controversy in regard to the purposes of that body, and to see why it might be looked upon as a conservative and patriotic measure by Mr. Otis, and by Pickering and his friends as merely a stepping-stone to their long-expected "crisis." How startlingly close the Union then was to this "crisis" Mr. Lodge's book proves; and if the collapse of the plot of 1804, in the blood of Hamilton and the flight of Burr, was theatrical, the crash of the conspiracy of 1814, under the news of the peace of Ghent and the battle of New Orleans, was the final and culminating situation in this great historical drama.

It only remains to add that the papers are excellently edited, and the book admirably indexed.

The Ottoman Power in Europe: Its Nature, its Growth, and its Decline. By Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1877.)—Mr. Freeman says in his preface that he "wishes this little book to be taken as in some sort a companion to his lately reprinted 'History and Conquests of the Saracens.'" He sees, however, the difficulty which most readers will find in complying with his request, and adds that, "in ordinary language, my former book would be said to be primarily historical: it would be called political only secondarily and to

a small extent. My present book may be thought to be—and in the eyes of those who draw a distinction between history and politics it will be rightly thought to be—political rather than historical. But between history and politics I can draw no distinction. History is the politics of the past; politics are the history of the present. The same rules of criticism apply to judging alike of distant and of recent facts. The same eternal laws of right and wrong are to be applied in forming our estimate of the actors in either case." This is all true, and we think generally acknowledged; but there is, nevertheless, this important difference between the politics of the past and those of the present, that for the most part the former do not appeal with the same force to our feelings, and do not touch our interests at all, and therefore we are able to form an estimate of the actors in the one case with a judicial-mindedness which is by no means within our reach in the other. It is for this reason that the public does not follow writers, even of the highest mark, with the same confidence when they are treating contemporaneous questions as when they are dealing with the men and measures of the far past. It makes allowances for what it considers the inevitable influence, even on the clearest head, of the passions of the present hour, and, though it would be sorry to see the judge devoid of them, they none the less weaken its respect for his decisions.

In the case before us Mr. Freeman brings to the discussion of Turkish history the same great powers and attainments which produced the 'History of the Saracens,' and his conclusions—if the Turks had been driven out of Europe in 1600—would probably be received with equal respect. But it so happens that the Turks are still in Europe, and are playing to-day the part they have played for four hundred years; and the preservation of their empire is in the minds of large numbers of people associated with the continuance of the prosperity and greatness of their own country, and in the minds of large numbers of others with the hideous oppression of men of their own race and creed. No such conflict of passions and interests can be bred in our time by any political question of past ages. No such conflict could be bred by any discussion about the Turks if their power had passed away, were it only ten years ago. In 1862-3-4, who was the man in England who brought to the discussion or even description of the war in this country a calm or even unbiassed judgment? There would be no difficulty now in finding thousands who could do so. In short, it may be truly said that, though the subject-matter of history and politics may be essentially the same in character, there are difficulties in the way of forming sound opinions in the one which do not exist in the case of the other, and which no historian should ask us to overlook.

No one who is interested in the present Eastern Question could go to a better source than Mr. Freeman for an account within brief compass of its origin and history. He always writes as only a man can write who is saturated with his subject. Every line shows that he knows all about it, and that his knowledge is not of recent date, but is of long standing and has been thoroughly digested. The effect of this mastery of his subject, too, is heightened by his well-known love of iteration as an aid to clearness—iteration which is often, for readers of quick perceptions, carried to the point of weariness, though the slow-minded may find it helpful. He expounds with great pains and force the true bearing of the Mussulman faith on Mussulman politics, and the real nature of Mussulman toleration; shows the impossibility of reform as long as the Ottomans sincerely hold their religion; sketches the way in which they entered Europe and built up their power, and the causes of its decline; shows why they are not a nation and cannot become one, and demonstrates the utter hopelessness of effecting any real change for the better through their instrumentality in that part of Europe now under their control.

His treatment of the practical question of what is now to be done with them is full of valuable reminiscence and suggestion, but is marred by such violence of language, and evidence of deep animosity to living actors in the events now pending, as to give this part of the book the effect of a party pamphlet. His allusions to Hobart Pasha are what our newspapers call "scathing," but they are too much so to be effective, and the historical parallels which he cites for Hobart's baseness will not bear examination. The book is dedicated, and in not inappropriate terms, to the present Prince of Montenegro, and the tribute is worth citing:

"Invicta Gentis Invicto Principi,
Fidei ac Libertatis Unico Propugnatori,
In Civis Amabili, in Barbaros Terribili
Nicolao,
Dei Gratia
Montis Nigri et Berdæ Principi,
Vicinarum Gentium, Deo Juvante, Liberatori Futuro
VITA ET VICTORIA.

The Best Reading. Hints on the selection of books, etc. Fourth revised edition. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1877.)—We have some admiration for the courage of a man who ventures to assert that his lists of books contain the *best* reading on their respective subjects. He will certainly come in conflict with the tastes, it may be with the superior knowledge, of specialists; and the reader who discovers one error or omission in a work of this sort immediately assumes the existence of many others in those parts of which he is a less competent critic. But such a book ought to be judged by its merits, not by its failures. Provided that the work is done with reasonable correctness, no one has a right to complain that more is not undertaken. Perhaps here and there better books might be substituted for those proposed by Mr. Perkins, or added to them; but no matter for that. He has everywhere brought together so many excellent titles as to make his work of the greatest value to buyers for town libraries, to students desiring to get easily a general knowledge of various questions, and to persons planning courses of reading. Of course the most careful compiler will occasionally forget or unwisely reject something that should be included. In the French Language we miss Brachet's 'Historical Grammar,' and none of the works there given are so useful as Otto's 'French Grammar.' Stanley's 'Jewish Church' is conspicuously absent from Jews, and Thackeray's 'English Humorists' does not appear under English Literature. Thackeray was so severely blamed for the satire of his earlier writings that we expected to find some mention of him under humorous and satirical works, but the 'Snob Papers' is not there; nor is his 'Prize Novelists,' though Bret Harte's 'Condensed Novels,' which certainly is not better, is included. We do not see anywhere the excellent South Kensington Art hand-books. As for the novels that might be added to the Fiction list it would be foolish to mention them, for the list does not pretend to be, and could not within any moderate limits seek to be, complete.

The headings seem well chosen, not according to any artificially simple plan, but to suit the very unsystematic way in which the names of subjects lie in the popular mind. For example, French grammars are to be found under French Language, but English grammars under Grammar, which is exactly where nine-tenths of the persons who will use the manual will look for them. By the way, the execution here is not quite satisfactory, as Mactzner's 'English Grammar' and a dozen other grammatical works are under English Language, and there is no clear indication under Grammar of the existence of the other heading. But, in general, cross-references (as "Psychology, see Metaphysics," "Jerusalem, see also Holy Land") remove the danger of missing subordinate or similar subjects. From Christianity there are thirty-two such references. But how difficult it is to satisfy all wants and provide for all questions may appear from a simple example. Among the works about Japan, Jarves's 'Art in Japan' does not appear. If it occurs to any one that it is put under Art, and he looks there to ascertain its price, he finds nothing whatever, not even a reference to Fine Arts, where the book very properly is, though still to be sought under the sub-heading History. Other instances of what in an elaborate and costly work would be called omissions might be found, but this book could not have been made buyable by men of moderate purse unless it could have counted upon a little common-sense and a little thinking on the part of those who use it. It is out of the question to refer from every word in the dictionary. Still there are some evident oversights, as when the reader is sent from Fine Arts to Sculpture to find there only a reference back to Fine Arts.

An occasional misprint is not of much consequence, as on p. 193, "Dirxen, Her Majesty's Tower," for Dixon. In the quotation from Seneca on p. 316, "Non refert quam multos libros sed quam honor HABEAS," it is easy to see that *bonos* should be substituted for *honor*, but why such unmerited prominence is bestowed upon *habeas*, and how to interpret Vinet's "Jeunesse et âge et mûr," on p. 287, is to us as yet an unsolved puzzle. The lists of foreign books from which this last title is taken are, at first sight, singularly incomplete. The list of French literature does not contain the names of Cherbuliez, Victor Hugo, Verne, or Dumas, and has only three works of George Sand; but the compiler who undertakes to "supply *unobjectionable* and entertaining reading to students and beginners" in French, walks in fetters, and probably the list could not have been much improved.

The next part of the volume is a collection of some fifty extracts about books, which will compare favorably with Fertiault's four hundred. Then follow "Suggestions for courses of reading," in Mr. Perkins's usual bright style, with extracts from Edward Everett Hale, Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. A. Potter, and Emerson. Mr. Perkins has not apparently any strong faith that his recommendations will be followed. No com-

mission has taken statistics on the subject, but it may be stated, without much fear of contradiction, that the number of persons who adhere to a course of reading not adopted for some professional end does not exceed the number who continue a journal without any expectation of its being published. It does not follow, however, that it is useless to begin a journal or lay out a course of reading. Both give one a very clear idea of one's weakness of purpose, and the course of reading, even if it does not run smoothly in its proposed way, is likely to branch out in some direction quite as profitable to pursue.

Basque Legends: collected, chiefly in the Labourd, by Rev. Wentworth Webster, M.A., Oxon. With an essay on the Basque Language by M. Julien Vinson, of the *Revue de Linguistique*, Paris. (London: Griffith & Farran. 1877.)—The Basques have been for centuries the puzzle of the philologist and ethnologist. The most approved methods of modern scientific study have been applied to them in vain. In regard to their language we only know its place in the great family of languages, and in regard to their nationality we know nothing. Any test, therefore, which can still be applied for the solution of the vexed question must possess unusual attractions for the student of languages and ethnology. Such a test the author of the work before us attempts to supply from an examination of the popular tales of the Basque people. The first collection of these tales was made by M. Cerquand in 1875-76 ('*Légendes et récits populaires du Pays Basque*, Parts I., II., Paris), and Mr. Webster now adds about forty-one to the number previously known. They are given in as literal a translation as possible, with the narrators' names appended, and some attempt is made to compare them with those of other countries and to give a mythological explanation of them. The result, we are sorry to say, is not very great or encouraging. Indeed, there was not much to expect, as an examination of the tales of the other non-Aryan people in Europe (we leave the Turks out of the question), the Finno-Hungarians, had previously resulted in nothing, and if the Basques had failed to preserve a vestige of their primitive customs they might reasonably have been supposed to have accepted in the course of time the mythology of their neighbors. Unfortunately, too, the editor and collector is almost wholly ignorant of the folk-lore of the rest of Europe, and unacquainted with the scientific methods of study in this field. His results may be reduced to the following syllogism: Many Basque tales are like those in Campbell's '*West Highland Tales*'; these are Keltic, therefore the Basques are of Keltic origin. We should substitute for the above: Campbell's '*West Highland Tales*' are, with hardly an exception, the same as those of the rest of Europe; therefore the Basque tales are the same as those of other Aryan peoples, and if the Basques are not Aryan (which of course they are not), they have borrowed their folk-lore from the latter. This is all on the assumption that popular tales are of a primitive mythological origin; if Benfey's theory of their later introduction is accepted, then all difficulties vanish, and the Basques got their folk-lore, like the rest of Europe, by transmission.

The editor evidently has not seen R. Köhler's masterly notes to Campbell's '*Tales*' in the now suspended periodical, *Orient und Occident* (Göttingen, 1862-66), vol. ii., where parallels from all parts of Europe are given. He does not even seem to be acquainted with the few French tales so far published, except the purely literary ones of Mme. d'Aulnoy, etc. After a careful examination of the volume before us, we are inclined to believe that there is very little in it that is really Basque, and that most of the stories are of French origin or have made their way to the Basques through a French medium. This is certainly the case with a number of stories whose French origin even the collector suspects; and a very little study would have settled the matter, as with the story of Juan de Kalais, which is identical with a French story of the same name (see Pfeiffer's '*Germania*,' iii. 199-209). There are, however, some curious things in the book which cannot be settled until we have a complete collection of French tales, as, for instance, how two of Straparola's stories (v. 1; i. 3) got into circulation among the Basques. The first one, as Mr. Webster names it, '*The Grateful Tartaro and the Heren-Suge*,' is also found in Grimm ('*The Man of Iron*'); the second, '*The Duped Priest*,' is widely spread. Among the religious stories are the world-famous ones of the '*Wishing Sack*' and '*Amis and Amiles*,' about which latter the author naively says, "This seems to be one of the many variations of the '*Golden Legend*' which Longfellow has so well versified." The collector's naïveté reaches its climax in his remarks on a story narrating the stupid tricks of a typical booby: "It is possible that this first part may be a narrative of fact. We have another tale of this kind, which may also be founded on fact, so sad is often the condition of the

crétins in the mountains." Then follows the story of the booby whose mother tells him to cast sheep's eyes at the young girls, and who literally obeys her. This story, it is needless to say, is found from Norway to France, see *Orient und Occident*, ii. p. 684, *Jahrbuch für rom. und eng. Lit.*, v. 19.

It will be asked, in conclusion, what there is new in the book. Very little; some interesting variants of well-known stories, and some new games. The Tartaro is the giant or ogre of southern Europe.* He is one-eyed, and in so far is Cyclops, whose myth is quite closely repeated in the first story, which finds a counterpart in Pitrè, '*Fiabe*,' etc., No. 51. The Heren-Suge is a seven-headed serpent, something like the Snake in Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales. The Basa-Jaun and Basa-Andre are the wild man and woman, the Lamifak are fairies, who, as the author says, "do not differ more from the general run of Keltic fairies than the Scotch, Irish, Welsh, and Cornish fairies do from each other." Although Mr. Webster has failed to prove the Keltic origin of the Basques, his book is an interesting contribution from a hitherto almost unworked mine which may yet, in experienced hands, yield a rich treasure.

We must not omit mention of M. Vinson's short essay, in which a brief sketch is given of the Basque language and people, with a candid summary of the results of the latest study in this field.

Fine Arts.

THE DECORATION OF EARLY MEDICEAN PORCELAIN.

PERHAPS the most interesting specimen in the Castellani ceramic collection now at the Metropolitan Museum is the great lavabo, No. 339. It illustrates the discovery of a soft-paste porcelain in Florence, about the year 1585, under the Medicean Duke, Francis I., long anterior to the porcelain of Bottecher made at Meissen in 1710. Of the Medicean soft-paste twenty-five specimens are named in the catalogue of Dr. Foresi, and two more are added to the list in the specimen we allude to and its smaller companion. This fine basin, 41 centimetres in diameter, is painted at the bottom with a figure of an old man writing, accompanied by a lion, in light-blue monochrome. The object is mentioned in Mr. Fortnum's catalogue, pages 63 and 65. Mr. Fortnum does not identify the painting, which is signed with a monogram G. P. Researches made in this country since the reception of the collection have thrown a light on the subject, and are of sufficient interest to be noticed.

An approximate effort to discover the painter of this specimen was made by Mr. Barnet Phillips in the present year, and the result of his investigations was published in the *Art Journal*. The article in the *Journal* points out the similarity between the painting on the porcelain and an engraving of the Prophet Jude, published in a Venetian '*Josephus*' of 1604, printed by Alessandro Vecchi. We give a photographic representation of this figure, whose posture, Oriental bonnet, and general character are indeed a good deal like those of the painting on the basin. The wood-cuts of the '*Josephus*' are abundantly marked with blank spaces caused by worm-holes, proving that they were already old when used for that particular publication. This supposed discovery of the original design is now displaced by the more recent investigations we are about to describe, but the article is of value in identifying the Japanese ornamentation as being taken from Hizen work of 1525-40, on the testimony of the native experts at the Centennial Exhibition, Shioda Mashasi and Ishita Tametake. The Italian decorator may



* Mr. Webster says the Fr. ogre is said to be derived from *Hongrois*, *Ugri*, and mentions that M. Cerquand derives Tartaro from *Tartare*. We have always supposed that ogre came from the Latin *orcus*, which derivation is supported by the forms in Spanish, *ogro*; Ital., *orco*; Neapol., *huorco*.

thus be presumed to have copied recent Japanese porcelain of the time, perhaps brought into Italy by pilgrims from the East; some Christian Japanese are known to have visited the Pope and travelled through Italy in 1585 or thereabouts.

The resemblance of the cut in the 'Josephus' to the painting on his lavabo forcibly struck M. Castellani, and the identification was thought to be sufficiently accurate, until in a conference between two antiquarians in this city a much better parallel was suggested. It was in a conversation between Mr. W. C. Prime and Gen. G. B. McClellan that the picture we now copy was unearthed, by a sudden freak of memory. Our illustration, while it leaves something to be desired artistically, owing to the difficulty of reduction, is prepared by a photographic process, and reliable as to the main lines. Its complete identity with the picture on the lavabo is obvious. It is from a copperplate inserted in a copy of the Epistles and Gospels, in Italian, "Venetia, per il Catani," 1675. As in the other case, the illustration is much older than the book. The scale is greatly larger than our cut, a quarto page being entirely filled by the figure. The plate is signed MANT *formavit*, and one would like to attribute it to Mark Antonio, whose style it sufficiently resembles. Whoever was the artist, however, he evidently was not the "G. P." who signed the basin.



The decorator of the porcelain, for his part, was decidedly not a professional maiolica-painter, but an engraver. He has drawn his copy on the paste with infinite pains, in fine close lines, copying the style of his engraving as faithfully as he copied the style of the Japanese ware in the border ornaments. The G. P. is hardly Giulio (Romano) Pippi, to whom

Mr. Fortnum attributes the design; this theory is disproved by the discovery of the prototype, signed MANT. Another mistake into which those who have catalogued the lavabo have been led, besides the attribution to Giulio Romano, is likewise corrected by the discovery of the engraving in Mr. Prime's volume. In the Castellani catalogue the picture is called a St. Mark. It should be known, however, as a St. Jerome, for it is inserted to illustrate the prophecy of destruction in 21 Luke: "There shall be signs in the sun and in the moon and in the stars." St. Jerome, as the prophet of judgment, is always used in the promulgations of the Church to symbolize the predictions of doom. The signature to the copperplate, for those who reject the authorship of Mark Antonio, may be distributed between Mantuano (George Ghisi), whose prints are prior to 1572, or to Antonio Salamanca, a furbisher and retoucher of old plates, or even Antonio Fantuzzi, said to have been a pupil of Parmigiano. Did Parmigiano (1503-1540) leave any picture with this subject, which may have been copied in the engraving and in the basin? As for the decorator, whose monogram of G. P. is signed upon the porcelain, after rejecting his pretensions to be Giulio Romano, we are allowed a wide choice among the artists with that signature in Brulliot's dictionary; he may be George Penez, or Gaspar Patavinus (*ab Avibus*), or any of the nameless artists with those initials who have been by unkind oblivion reduced to their monograms.

The short-lived and, as it were, prophetic manufacture of porcelain in Italy during a single reign, after which the art perished, to be rediscovered in the north a century and a quarter later, gives a curious importance to the best extant specimen and its decorator. The volume we quote disposes of Giulio Pippi and of St. Mark. We can comprehend the enthusiasm of M. Castellani, who said, upon the identification of the picture we illustrate, that he had learned more about his collection during a few months' visit in America than in all the time it had been in his possession. His vivacity may be pardoned, since about the same time he was convinced of the true way in which his helix-shaped ear-rings from Metapontum were worn, by comparison with the Cesnola statues.

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